

# A Time We Can Never Be

by snowingstone

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Summary: What happens when a freak accident throws Narcissa 25 years into the future? What happens when Hermione finds her? Set between different times of past and future a tale of heartache, bliss, and pain is woven around two witches yearning for the safety and acceptance of love. Can two very different women find a time where they can simply be together? WARNING: Love between two women

## 1. In With A Bang

Hello Everyone,

I am beginning to love the Narcissa and Hermione fandom, and I love the possibility of Narcissa in the future before everything went crazy. I have a wonderfully supportive lover and then boom here is the first chapter of A Time We Can Never Be. This one is slightly different than my last story. First it is darker. Both Hermione and Narcissa are tortured souls. They will need each other to find their ways. This will be LONG, and chapters will not be updated at the rate of the last story. Sorry but you guys were spoiled with that one. Lol. I don't own Harry Potter and I got the spell off line and you can find it at the address below. I hope you enjoy this little story and will remain patient with me if updates are not swift.

Thank you for being so kind and generous in the last story with your reviews and I hope this story doesn't disappoint.

Thanks,

Snow

[wiki/Draught\\_of\\_Peace](http://wiki/Draught_of_Peace)

She was sticky and disheveled, something a Black should never be but she had been at the potion in front of her for hours. She looked to

the potion door and watched for any signs of movement. She charmed the suit of armor next to the potions class to fall over and crash into various different segments so she can clean up and get out of the potions class. She sighed as she went back to the potion before her. She read and reread the book many times as she followed instructions.

To brew the Draught of Peace, follow these steps:

Add powdered moonstone until the potion turns green.  
>Stir until the potion turns blue.<br>Add powdered moonstone until the potion turns purple.  
>Allow to simmer until the potion turns pink.<br>Add syrup of hellebore until the potion turns turquoise.  
>Allow to simmer until the potion turns purple.<br>Shake powdered porcupine quills vigorously until they are ready and then add until the potion turns red.  
>Stir until the potion turns orange.<br>Add more porcupine quills until the potion turns turquoise.  
>Allow to simmer till the potion turns purple.<br>Add powdered unicorn horn until the potion turns pink.  
>Stir until the potion turns red.<br>Allow to simmer until the potion turns purple.  
>Add more powdered moonstone until the potion turns grey.<br>Allow the potion to simmer until it turns orange.  
>Add more powdered porcupine quills until the potion turns white.<p>

On her third cauldron of Draught of Peace she added 3 drops of murtlap essence and stirred counter clockwise 7 times. The potion then turned from white to gold and then she took a spoon and tasted the potion. It tasted chalky, with a hint of medicine. She looked down at her arm and watched a bruise fade before her eyes. She looked up and apart from the anxiety of being caught by her mentor, Professor Slughorn, she felt â€|. At peace. She sighed and began filling bottles of the gold liquid and then then summoned even more bottles to fill it with the white liquid. She looked at her timepiece and noted the time and need to hurry to clean up her mess. Slughorn would be here within the hour. She went through her mind how her life will change in the next 6 months. She shuddered, her life already changed. Lucius Malfoy only left her become a potions master under Horace Slughorn because potions could be useful in the future.

"With a war brewing my love, a potions master in our midst can mean life or death," Lucius whispered threateningly, then grasped her by the cheeks with one hand. His blue eyes bore into her own frosty irises. When she went to break way, tear her pale face from his thin spindly fingers, she shown the strength of a pureblood witch. When she turned to walk from him, he grasped her arm, and she gasped as the back of his hand impacted her right cheek. She spun and looked at her husband to be keeping her tears in, her shoulders back.

"So regal, and so utterly mine. Your skill with potions is one skill I will exploit," he edged closer to Narcissa, and he hungrily took her lips, "And I will always take what is mine, and if it isn't mine, I will make it so."

Narcissa was a pureblood witch. There was no room for emotions when it came to marriage. Once upon a time she was drawn to Lucius. Maybe it was the striking features. The platinum blonde hair and the air of

nobility and superiority. When Bellatrix came to her and broke the news of her betrothal three years ago, she was one part sad to know her youth was now gone, and one part excited to begin a new chapter in her life. At first he was an attentive, and gentle man. He even supported her apprenticeship with Slughorn, and promised to be married her and allow her to achieve her mastership. Then he became course, brutal, and â€¦. Unyielding. He no longer made love to her. He no longer made her scream from pleasure or feel any emotion other than darkness, and pain. She was a 21 year old pureblood witch. She would overcome this trial of hurt, and do her duty even if she had to resort of the help of potions to get her through the day, and through the night, and to wake up sore, and brutalized, day after day.

She sighed as she steadied her nerves when her potion bottles were filled, and placed in her side bag that hung across her frame. There was half of a cauldron left of the Peaceful Draught. When she lifted her wand to banish the potion she jumped as the potion door opened and a cursing Slughorn tripping on armor burst through the door. She saw the ingredient fall and all she could do is cover her face.

KABOOM! Narcissa felt the blast as she felt her body jerk, and shift as her feet left the floor. Her back hit the wall. Her eyes closed in pain as she slid down the wall and her feet sprawled in front of her. She slumped to the side. Feeling every bone in her body ache as they slammed to a halt on the dungeon floor. She felt hands move her body down ever so carefully, and fingers probe her prone body for injuries. When fingers skimmed her left side she gritted in pain. But when finger met her shoulder and neck she screamed out in a pain so fierce and blinding she lost consciousness. All she could do is hope she could keep her apprenticeship with Horace, and Lucius would never find out.

Narcissa opened her eyes and witnessed a sight she had seen only a few times. The infirmary at Hogwarts never really changed, and many times she wished she had thought to be a healer instead of a potions mistress. She felt a soft and warm object in her hand and slowly rolled her head over to the side and looked into warm brown eyes speckled with gold. A warm smile spread across a pale angelic face framed by wavy hair frizzy at the temples as it escaped a ponytail holder. There were smudges or dust and a cut above her right brow that was healing slowly before her eyes. Narcissa went to stand up anxious about getting back home, back to the animal she called husband, but a gentle hand stayed her progress.

"I am Hermione Granger, welcome to Hogwarts. You, I guess landed in my potions class, luckily after hours. I am also the castle mediwitch until we can hire another to take my place," Hermione softly spoke as she saw the angular features of the witch before her began to wake up. For one split second she saw anxiety, stress, and fear, cross the witches beautiful face before a mask had been thrown up before she confirm her suspicion. Hermione tilted her head and her brow furrowed. She had seen this witch before. Maybe during the war? The blonde witch looked Hermione up and down as if assessing her, taking her weight as a witch. Hermione blushed and looked to the side and reached for a cloth soaked in Murtlap Essence. Hermione gently clean cuts, and gashes on arms and hands. She studied particularly hard on a severe laceration along the blonde's cheek. Slowly, steadily, and softly she wiped blood away, placed the bloodstained rag in the bowl and then wrung it out as she went back to using the healing and

disinfecting solution.

"I am Narcissa, Narcissa Malfoy. Thank you for your kindness," Narcissa whispered as she let Hermione touch her, clean her, and take care of her. Narcissa paused as she saw emotions fly across the woman's face. She watched at the brunette slowly put the rag back in the bowl, and stood. Gone was the warm kind eyes that seemed to sear into her soul, and before her were the cold eyes of hatred and â€| pain. Then with excused herself politely, if just a tad shortly, and told her to stay and rest then went out of the infirmary. Narcissa let her head fall back on the sheets of the infirmary bed and began to let her tears fall from the corner of her eyes.

"She was kind, ever so kind. Do I even deserve such kindness after all I have done?" Narcissa whispered to herself and then felt the effects of a sleeping draught take effect. She must have slipped it to her while unconscious. The last thing she thought of her gold speckled brown eyes, and pale slips lidding into a wonderfully bright smile.

Outside Hermione's hand clutched her heart. How could that be? How in the hell could Narcissa Malfoy be on her infirmary bed when she was sentenced to a term of house arrest as her husband rotted in Azkaban and her son lay 6 feet in the dirt at the Malfoy family cemetery in Wiltshire. Hermione absently touched her left arm where her war scars were hidden from the world. It was with a heavy heart that she walked up the hall toward the Headmistress's office. Once to the giant statue she spoke the password aloud, "Catnip." Stone steps appeared and Hermine climbed up. She walked into an office decorated in shades of red and gold, but over the years, McGonagall began in incorporate various other items and mementos from the various houses. She was like Hermione in that she wanted to bring the houses together.

Minerva McGonagall was a striking woman even in her late years. She came down from her bedroom in a nightgown and a dark green shawl. Her half-moon glass sat on the tip of her crooked nose as she walked as fast as she could to tend to the emergency. She greeted Hermione with a small embrace.

"We have a problem Minerva," Hermione began as she led the old professor to the infirmary. When Minerva saw the prone young woman sleeping soundly on the infirmary bed Professor McGonagall. She turned to Hermione and saw her stony features.

"You must figure out what happened to her," McGonagall ordered Hermione. Hermione nodded as if she was on auto pilot. She could not deny her feelings. She hated anything Malfoy. Hell she would have paid to have put Draco in his grave, and smirked as Lucius Malfoy screamed and threatened vengeance if he ever got out of his prison. She felt a soft grasp on her shoulder and saw the bright eyes of her mentor.

"The war is over Hermione. It's time to heal. Maybe the best way to do that is to heal your enemy," with those wise words ringing in her ears she went to clean up the area around Narcissa Malfoy. She fetched another blanket and covered a woman that looked no older herself. Hermione crossed her arms and leaned against the foot of the bed. She was stunning, majestically gorgeous laced with a deadly aura that oozed off of her in droves of thick darkness. She watched her

charge with equal part trepidation, reservation, and curiosity. Her thoughts were brought back to the care she was obligated to give as a whimper passed Narcissa's full pink lips.

"Noâ€¦ please. Don'tâ€¦ Luciusâ€¦ pleaseâ€¦" Narcissa's murmurs brought Hermione to her bed side and all the brunette could do was take the blondes pale thin fingers and hope her nightmares would seie. Even though she shuffled everyone in a while in her sleep, Narcissa's whimpers and murmurs stopped. Hermione finally let go of her hand and only one thought, \_what am I to do with a death eater associate, dark pureblood witch who hates Muggle born witches such as herself?\_

No answers came as she went to a bed near the witch and stayed the night just in case she needed to help the woman at a moments notice.

## 2. Care

Hello All!

I wrote this for my wife. She is always there when I am beaten down. I owe her my life, and every ounce of love I hold in my heart is hers. You are all the best for your wonderful comments and reviews. I have never written for a fandom where you are all go generous. Thank you for your kind words. I find it gives me a positive reinforcement to keep writing these chapters as quickly as possible. I hope you enjoy the sorry but I will warn you I am writing a very different Narcissa than can possibly lead to her coldness in her future self. Be gentle, this is my first attempt as a full on story with these two women.

Thanks Again,

Snow

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><p>Her dreams were dark and filled with shapes and flashes, but nothing came from the void and solidified into something tangible in the realm of dreams. Her eye lids heated as she felt the sun stream through the windows and light the room. Her dreams slid back in to nothingness as she slowly opened her eyes to the world. She looked around and saw the grey stone of Hogwarts infirmary, the white privacy curtains between the beds, and then a lump on a nearby bed. She looked over and saw the rhythmic rise and fall on the woman's chest and didn't know why but a tear slid down the corner of her eyes and escaped into the hair at her temple. She watched the brunette and studied her profile, she had peach colored skin that looked as if it was tan at one time but she hasn't been in the sun for quite some time. Her lips were in a way medium between thin and full, and Narcissa only thought they were perfect as her mouth shaped the bottom half of her face and then her thin cheeks curved into that mouth, the mouth she, for some odd reason could not stop looking at. Her heart clenched, and reality hit her, Lucius was going to kill her. He was going to kill her and all she wanted to do was curl up in this bed and stare, rather openly and inappropriately, at the woman next to her in the bed beside her. With another sigh she began to sit up, but gasped loudly and clutched her ribs. She shut her eyes and saw shots of white and red behind her eyes lids.<p>

"Shh, breathe Narcissa. Lay back against the bed and try not to move. I am right here," A voice in the darkness soothed. Narcissa gritted as she tried to follow instructions but was finding it difficult then a warm hand took hers and a soothing hand gently pushed her back against the pillows. She knew her face was wet with tears and she looked weak but the pain. When she was settled against the pillows but breathed shallow breaths she finally looked up and into brown eyes full of concern. The more Narcissa studied the woman's face she saw that she not only looked concerned but torn. Being a Black you had to be able to read between the lines and break down the mask of the purebloods. It was a great game that she became exceedingly good at.

Hermione heard the gasp and shot from the bed. She was relieved that the woman slept through the night and she was still in bed. She remembered when Ron and Harry forgot blasted by some hexes, and curses when they were on the run from the snatchers. Broken ribs, no matter how many potions you used, would be excruciating for about 2 days. When Narcissa finally lay back on the bed Hermione moved her hands from the woman and prepared and poured a pain relieving potion in a small cup mixed with water. She moved to the bed and sat on the edge and helped the blonde woman shift up but Narcissa went pale from the pain. Hermione bit her lip and pulled out her wand.

"This might be a little uncomfortable but please bear with the pain. I have a pain relieving draught for you to take. Just please be patient," Hermione asked softly. Narcissa nodded and then closed her eyes waiting. Hermione spoke softly, Wingardium leviosa, and then held Narcissa in the air. There were small muffles pleading for Hermione to please hurry as she grabbed the pillows from her bed and shoved them on top of Narcissa's used pillows, then she gently levitated the woman down onto the pillows and then to the bed. Hermione nodded as Narcissa was propped up and able to take the potion.

She went back to the bed and grabbed the mixture and urged Narcissa to drink slowly. Hermione tried to keep her thoughts on the care of the woman before her but there was something she could not deny. Narcissa Malfoy was beautiful. Hermione watched as pink lips wrapped around the lip of the cup and pulled the water potion mixture into her mouth. She observed the way her brow scrunched as she worked through the pain, and the way her cheeks slightly caved in as she sucked the liquid in to her body. When she was finished, and the color came back to Narcissa's pale skin she looked into her light blue eyes and lost her breath. It was taken from her the moment those blue eyes, starbursting with an even lighter shade of blue looked out into her brown eyes. She didn't realize she was staring until she heard the massive oak doors open to reveal Minerva McGonagall. The older witch, however grey, and worn, but still spry and quickly. She moved with the grace of her animagus and watched the new arrival to the castle. Hermione turned to the side and cleaned up her area and also turned to regain her clarity.

"Hello Narcissa. It has been many years, at least for me. How are you fairing these days aside from being blown into the future?" Hermione shook her head as she stored her potions away and smiled. Patience was not one of the things that Minerva has learned over the years. Hermione put away the items and turned around and stood behind McGonagall with her arms crossed. She had her occlumency shields up,

and her face a mask of indifference as she listened to the conversation.

"Well Professor I am well. How far into the future did I jump?" Narcissa said as she tried to hold her shoulders high. Hermione almost smiled at that high and mighty pureblood tone that spoke of her distaste at talking to the woman before her. Hermione watched the exchange. She saw the tension build between the two women and wondered what on earth happened to make them hate one another. Sure Hermione has a reason and that reason was carved into her arm, but this was different, like a seething animosity waiting to boil over and pop. Hermione watched as Narcissa's shoulders slumped forward.

"25 years?" She whispered, "How can that be?"

"That, Mrs. Malfoy, is what we are going to try to find out. Until then you are not allowed to leave this castle. I leave you in Miss Granger's impeccable care," McGonagall turned and nodded to Hermione, "She is yours, I suggest you figure out what happened and send her back as soon as possible," and then with a pop to her step she walked from women and out of the room. Hermione looked to Hermione and then took a deep breath. She pushed the thoughts of Narcissa's lips from her mind and walked to the bed.

"Please come with me Mrs. Malfoy," Hermione held out her hand so Narcissa can brace herself against it as she stood. The blonde stood up with her help. Narcissa winced and fell forward and her right ankle gave. Hermione reached out to the woman and found her in her arms. She stood the woman up and summoned a pair of crutches.

"You will only need these for about another day or two," Hermione said as she fit the supports to Narcissa, "You are quite lucky actually," Hermione smiled to the woman reassuring her everything will be fine.

"Ha, how on earth is this lucky, Miss Granger?" Narcissa shot back as she took the crutches from Hermione.

"Well, you have 4 broken ribs, a broken ankle, and lacerations to your hands, arms, and last night I was able to fix the soft tissue of your lungs as they were punctured. That is why you are having a hard time breathing right now. So please follow me," Hermione rattled off as she slowly set a pace for the corridor.

"Where are we going?" Narcissa asked as she began to inch toward the doors.

"My quarters," Hermione softly spoke and then opened the door for the blonde witch to walk through.

My quarters, rang in Narcissa's ears and she know she picked up the pace to get to the rooms. She swallowed as she ran through the reasons as to why she wanted to reach them as soon as possible. The only thing that flew to the front of her thoughts was Lucius. He would be on a war path by now but she was 25 years into the future. He could not hurt her. But she shuddered as she rested against the wall to catch her breath and give her arms a break. She can still feel his hands on her, his mouth she gulped. She felt her stomach roll and then she swallowed down her bile and began to

move toward the grand stair case. She looked at which way to go and Hermione pointed toward the left.

Hermione led then up the stairs and then toward the astronomy tower. Narcissa sighed as she saw the end in sight but then her heart sank as Hermione began to ascend another flight of stairs.

"We rebuilt the castle and I wanted my own quarters, so I designed them myself," Hermione began to tell Narcissa, "I have always wanted to teach here at Hogwarts and it is my only dream. For me it has everything I need."

"What do you need?" Narcissa said as she struggled up the stairs. Hermione shook her head and cast a feather weight spell on the woman and then hooked her arm with the blondes and took the crutches. Narcissa wasn't expecting the feel of the pressure being lifted from her feet and couldn't have thanked Hermione more. With their arms hooked they made it up the stairs with no incident as they walked to the right and found a door. Hermione waved her wand but no words passed her lips and then a latch on the inside was lifted and then she gestured into the room. Narcissa walked in to a room made of blues, reds, greens yellows and browns. It was tastefully done in a sporadic and strange scheme. Narcissa walked to the green sofa and sat down and sat the crutches on the floor. She leaned her head back and shut her eyes. She heard Hermione bustle around and then the sound of running water in an adjoining room. She let the sounds of the room filter into her subconscious and the before she knew it sleep had claimed her

Hermione got the large bath going and put in salts to relieve some of the pain and swelling and bustled around her room to make sure any mess she had was packed away. She was not expecting a guest but she was grateful her parents instilled in her the unlikely possibility someone could drop by. So she was always prepared for company especially since she had regular visits from Harry and Ron, and off night for a nightcap McGonagall. She looked out the window and sighed. She was thankful for the headmistress for allowing her to build a room all the way up here, away from the hustle and bustle of the students and others. She had to stifle a scoff at the thought of the perks of being a war hero floated forward. She knew it was something to do with her special treatment and request but she also knew she sacrificed everything for the wizarding world. It owed her, Harry, and Ron everything. She was happy with a room. She turned from the window that looked out over the Forbidden Forest and the vast grounds of Hogwarts and looked at the woman in her apartment. She went to check on the water and then found it good and turned off the faucet. Narcissa slept on the sofa and Hermione walked over to the couch. The Narcissa's words struck her, \_what do you need? \_Hermione's had stretched out slowly and then slid some of Narcissa's messy hair back behind her ear and out of her face. She caressed her cheek and looked as the cut on her forehead. Then her hand dropped to the woman's shoulder and she gently shook her awake. Narcissa popped awake with a gasp startling Hermione and then grasped her side. Hermione helped the drowsy woman to the bathroom. The tiles in the bathroom were made of the same stone as the castle and the bathtub actually stepped down into the floor. To the side of the tub was a separate shower with frosted glass to provide privacy. Hermione conjured a chair for Narcissa to disrobe safely and then scoot into the bath.



"Soap is here, shampoo and conditioner is here," Hermione looked around her bathroom and then cocked her head to one side and then snapped. A brand new towel came out of the cupboard and floated to her outstretched hand then she dropped the towel near the bathtub close to where she can get out. Hermione smiled and left the woman to her privacy.

Narcissa looked around the bathroom and instantly loved it. It was dark but she loved it. She found a floor length mirror and hobbled to it. She stared at her reflection and groaned. She looked a fright, and shook her head. She shed her clothes and stood before the mirror. She looked at her feet, her ankles and noted the broken one was swollen and a deep purple, she looked up her smooth legs and saw bruises and cuts. She looked to her torso and noted the blue red and purple of her ribs, and shoulder. She did know how she made it all the way up those stairs without feeling it in her shoulder with those crutches. Then she saw her arms. Cuts, and gashed littered the limbs as well as small burns from the explosion. Then she looked harder and saw the faint yellow. She looked at her arm running her fingers over it and then let her tears come. She cried. And wailed as she saw the hand print and the fingers. It was as if a ghost still wrapped his hand around her and yanked her and forced her here and there. She slipped into the water and let the warmth spread over her. She inhaled the steam and instantly sank deeper into the water as spearmint and eucalyptus encased her. She still felt the rivulets of tears slowly down her cheeks and then down her neck and into the water. She rested her head against the wall of the tub and slipped off to sleep once again.

Hands, pushed her down, lifted her robes, and shred her blouse. Hands grabbed at her chest and squeezed brutally, and feet threw her legs apart and then a pressure lay across her body. Pain, Fear, and horror as hand ripped into her flesh. She screamed, screamed for any help.\_

'Wake up Narcissa, come on, wake up!' There from the depths was salvation, was warmth, and was her safety. Her eyes popped open and she found brown. She lunged forward into Hermione. She wept into the shoulder of a complete stranger. She laid bare her pain to a woman she had known for less than one day. She felt Hermione release her and she shuddered. She looked into the water ashamed and lost. Then soft hands and a terry cloth rubbed slow circles up and down her arms. Carefully to her shoulders. Narcissa pulled her eyes from the water and looked to Hermione as she sat back, fully clothed in the water, and picked up her foot and added more soap to the cloth. She ran the cloth up to her knee caps and then back down and then did the same to the back and the other legs. She took Narcissa's hands and then wash then softly carefully. Narcissa didn't look away as Hermione lifted up and conjured two stools. She edged Narcissa up onto the stool and sat behind her. She gently washed in long vertical strokes up and down Narcissa's back. Then she let loose her hair from the tie Hermione put in her hair earlier to assess her injuries in the infirmary. Then she took the towel and wrapped Narcissa up.

"I'm getting the towel wet. Isn't that counterproductive?" Narcissa asked confused then Hermione smiled a wide soft caring grin.

"I'm sitting in a bathtub with my clothes on. Isn't that counterproductive?" quipped the brunette. Then Hermione stood. Narcissa stared as the water made the clothes of the woman cling to

her curves. Narcissa knew she blushed. How could she not when perfection was sitting right before her? Hermione held out a hand and told her to stand and then helped her out of the tub then helped her to the shower. Narcissa tugged the wet towel and made sure her bruised and battered body remained covered. A long time ago she would have used her body to tease the other girls, and get what she wanted from both sexes. Now after so much, she didn't like to show anyone her body. She was ashamed. When Hermione turned the shower head on she waited as Hermione smiled and held her hand making sure she didn't fall. Then Hermione in all of her wet clothed glory motioned for her to stand under the spray. Narcissa closed her eyes as hot water hit her scalp and shoulder. Then hands. She flinched at first and then shot her eyes to Hermione who had shampoo in her palms then she turned around and faced Hermione.

"I won't hurt you," Hermione whispered, "I just want to help you," Hermione coaxed the frightened woman toward her and then Narcissa reached out her hands. Narcissa held Hermione's shirt in wads of fabric inside tight fists. She bowed her head and then sighed as Hermione lightly scrubbed Narcissa's platinum blond hair clean of caked on dirt and blood. Hermione told her everything she was about to do as she did it and then instructed Narcissa to tilt her head back to rinse her hair. She felt a cold breeze and then opened her eyes. She saw Hermione turn from her and step away. Narcissa craved her safety and reached out. But her foot got caught up. She looked down and saw her soaking wet towel at her feet. She tried to bend over and get the towel but she couldn't reach it. Hermione heard her shuffle around and then conjure another towel and looked away as she handed Narcissa the dry towel. Narcissa could have sworn there was a tint of pink on her cheeks. Then Hermione led her into the living room where she gave her some altered pajamas to fit the blonde and promised to be right back. She stammered as she grabbed a pair of pajamas and fled to the bathroom. Narcissa dropped the towel and then twisted the towel into her hair to dry then pulled the pants on. It was painful but she managed then she buttoned the pajama shirt and then sat on the sofa once more. She was happy she wasn't able to fall asleep as Hermione opened the door and came into the living room.

She got back to the bathroom and sucked in a deep breath. She was feeling things, yes. She was beginning to care for a known Death Eater cohort. The way she shrank away from her hurt. Why would the cold, ice queen of the Death Eaters have a reason to cower in fear? Why would she wail behind closed doors as if she was a haunted human waiting for the other shoe to drop and result in her demise? Why was she here? Hermione could only think that there was a potions experiment gone absolutely wrong, of course because she exploded into the potions lab. Which by the way needed to be repaired. Hermione washed up quickly and then threw on her pajamas. She walked out to an unsure Narcissa Malfoy. To Hermione, Narcissa Malfoy was the strongest and coldest witch she had ever met. How could this woman be the same person? How could this woman give birth to Draco?

Hermione sat down on the sofa and leaned her head back. It was early evening but it felt like midnight. She was tired and parts of her body ached from the impact of the time traveler in her own lab. She looked over and saw Narcissa watching her. Then Hermione smiled and got up. She came back and stood behind Narcissa and began to work. Stroke after soft, long stroke, Hermione detangled white platinum hair. When Hermione finished it looked like silk. She put the comb

away and came back with two fire whiskies and sat down she found watery eyes stare off into space.

"You do that a lot ya know?" began Hermione as Narcissa look the tumbler with the amber liquid filling half way.

"Only recently," Narcissa replied defensively.

"Why now?"

"Because this was the first time I could," Narcissa whispered. Hermione scooted closer and put her arm around Narcissa as Ginny had when Ron broke it off with her. Narcissa sighed and leaned into Hermione. Hermione put her glass down and took Narcissa's and held her.

"I don't know why you cry, honestly in my time is strange to see Narcissa Malfoy show emotion. Just know this, I'll try to help you any way I can to get you back to the people you love, the place you need to be, and to the people who miss you dreadfully." Narcissa let tears fall once more as she rested her head against Hermione's shoulder.

"Why do you cry?" Inquired Hermione.

"I cry because no one has shown me such kindness, thank you," Narcissa softly confessed as she let the warmth of Hermione's arms wrap around her. When Narcissa passed out into the realm of dreams Hermione looked at the tumbler and saw half the liquid remained. Dreamless sleep draught laced the fire whisky. It should be enough to keep Narcissa's nightmares at bay. Hermione laid her gently down on the couch and walked to the door way to her room and stood there with her arms crossed. She was an enigma, wrapped up in a conundrum, packaged in a paradox. She couldn't help but sigh as she pulled back the covers on her bed down to the very foot. Then she walked back and levitated the woman to her room and settled her onto her bed. She pulled covers up to her chin and then grabbed a blanket and went out to the one part of her tower accommodation she absolutely loved. It was a low walled balcony she sat on and fought with her thoughts especially on sleepless nights. Hermione conjured a cup of chamomile and lavender tea and curled up into a chair. She looked at her arm and ran her fingers over her arm. When she replayed that scene over and over again she focused on Narcissa instead of the psychotic screams and cackling of her insane sister.

\_I begged for help. If this was the same woman, what had driven her to let this happen? It must have been my blood status.\_

With that conclusion she pulled the sleeve of her pajamas down further hiding the one thing that could possibly make Narcissa turn on her. Hermione breathed in the chilled air and then let the last remnants of summer evening blanket her and take her off into Morpheus's dominion.

### 3. Healing Truths

Good Afternoon Everyone,

I had this part of Narcissa and Hermione in my mind since I woke up.

So I got it out here for you guys, and I wanted to surprise my wife. Hi Honey. This chapter is relatively long. It was flowing, and it was hard to find a place to stop. I wrote a slightly out of character McGonagall, forgive me. I hope you enjoy. Have a great day.

Thanks for all your support,

Snow

\* \* \*

><p>She stretched and winced as she popped the crick out of her neck. She looked around and groaned. She slept on the balcony. She looked out over the grounds and saw the predawn periwinkle sky dimly light Hogwarts castle. She went into the living room and then walked to the kitchenette and made tea. Shure she could snap her fingers and call on the house elves but she never does that unless it is absolutely dire like the one time she contracted the flu and she was bed ridden for about a week. The Castle elves took care of her and she was grateful. She looked in the bedroom and saw that the covers had been thrown here and there. As she approached the bed she noticed her patient has a sheen of sweat on her forehead. She took her wand and ran a diagnostic. Every day she was grateful for all those medical books she took on her adventure searching for the horcruxes. Glad Narcissa didn't have a fever she left the woman to tangle about her bed and then walked to the balcony with a fresh cup of tea. She watched as the hills and dales began to light in a green so wonderful she often woke up to this sight and it soothed her. She turned her head as she heard a curse, a thump and a door close. Moments later there was a flush and the sound of water in the bathroom sink. Hermione looked to the door as it opened and a smile touched her lips. She was adorable as a disheveled morning grump as she sleepily hobbled to Hermione.<p>

Narcissa walked Hermione and she indicated the chair in welcome to enjoy the morning. Narcissa looked much better this morning, less black and blue and less cut up. Her hair was a tangled mass, and stuck up at all ends. Hermione waved her wand and transfigured a stool into a small table and levitated the tea from the kitchen to the small table. She poured her guest a cup of tea, gave it to her and then leaned back and watched the sun rise light up her world.

"I never knew Hogwarts could be so beautiful," Narcissa mused.

"Yes, I never knew either until I saw this view. I begged McGonagall for my quarters to be built here," Hermione said as she sipped her tea and smiled as she remembered.

"I can't believe she gave it to you. You must know a different McGonagall than I know," Narcissa said looking out over the green landscape before her.

"I think it was because she and I have always had a very odd relationship. She was a mentor to me when I was a student, and as the war ended we became friends. Anyone who survived banded together as a ragtag family of sorts. She knew, and she helped me," Hermione whispered realizing she might be sharing more than she should about the present, and even more about her life than she should share with a complete stranger, well not complete.

"What did she know?" Narcissa asked thoroughly engrossed in the conversation. Hermione rolled her head to the side as she rested it against the high back of the chair. Hermione let a tear fall this time but wiped it away.

"She knew I was broken. It has only been two years. Some of us have deeper scars than most, physical, emotional, and mental. I have noticed it has been easier for those who grew up with magic to get over their pain than others who haven't. Muggle borns who fought seem to have the hardest of times. When you have one of the most beautiful and wondrous gifts they have ever seen turned against them, it's off putting and awakening to see that you are not welcome in a world you clearly belong in. Purebloods caulk it up as another fight with wands and spell, another day of life, and ugly side of life, but to the muggle borns it was hard to process why something so beautiful could be so foul," Hermione spoke as she felt her own emotions show.

"You seem to champion the mudâ€¦" Narcissa stopped as she saw Hermione snap her head to her and bore eyes of hatred into her soul, "Muggle borns. Why?"

Hermione let her look soften. Narcissa could not help a lifetime of conditioning to think a certain way and Hermione was not about to try and fix a life time of brainwashing. She shook her head and stood.

"Let's get ready for the day Mrs. Malfoy. It's time to figure out how to get you home," Hermione said as she walked into her bedroom and pulled out clothes. She took a pair of Jeans and held them out to Narcissa along with a t-shirt and a sweater. Narcissa looked at the garments with distaste. Hermione laughed.

"Aren't these muggle clothes?" Narcissa asked as she pinched the top with her thumb and index finger and held it as if it was dirty. Hermione chuckled as she heard the distaste. She turned around as she slipped a bra on with her back to the woman. She was not shy per say. simply put, the only place to dress privately was the bathroom and it was her damn room. So Hermione treated the situation like that of her old muggle school locker room. Just get dressed.

Narcissa looked at the clothes and shook her head. It was like peasant clothes. When she looked up she blinked. And blinked again. Hermione's smooth back was marred by a long slash from the right shoulder, down the her shoulder blade and then made a jagged turn toward the center of her back. There on her neck she didn't notice before was a scar from what looked like a blade and then other small scars from her neck to her shoulder. They were rings and looked likeâ€¦. Bites. Narcissa reached out without thinking.

"How did you get these?" she asked concerned. How could anyone want to hurt this woman? Narcissa pulled her hand back as Hermione jerked and stepped away from Narcissa. She pulled a brick red shirt over her head and a sweater knitted by Mrs. Weasley and pair of jeans over her hips. Narcissa and Hermione looked at each other. Hermione's eyes, brown with flecks of gold flared. Her gaze made Narcissa pull back and straighten herself back into her pureblood training.

"I apologize for invading your personal space. Forgive me," Narcissa began as she formally apologized. Hermione let her features relax

slightly, and placed a hand on Narcissa's shoulder.

"Let us hurry. We need breakfast before we try to figure out what happened, how much has changed, and then figure out a way to get you back," Hermione's tone was soft but there was an edge. How can she tell Narcissa that over half of the scars that marred her body were from her sister? She walked to the living room and slipped socked feet into comfortable tennis shoes.

Narcissa looked at the fabric in her hands and felt the softness. She sighed and then put the clothes on. They fit her perfectly. She turned toward Hermione who was waiting and took one of the crutches to her.

"I seem to have misplaced my wand can you make a cane out of this? I fear I hate these blasted crutches and my ankle is doing much better," Narcissa held the crutch before her and was grateful that it wasn't anything like Lucius's black cane, but a smooth pale wood with a hook at the end for a handle.

Hermione led them silently down to the Great Hall for breakfast. Narcissa walked into the bustling hall and cocked her head as she followed Hermione to the staff table as she guest. Narcissa narrowed her eyes as she her eyes locked with McGonagall, but she still walked into the hall with her head up, her shoulders back and her spine ramrod straight. She sat down next to her new friend and began to fix a plate of eggs, sausage links, strawberries and a piece of toast. She looked at Hermione's plate and noticed her plate only consisted of buttered toast and blueberries. An owl flew toward Hermione and dropped the Daily Profit next to her hand and then the woman began to read. Hermine excused herself and went to McGonagall.

"We need to figure this out now," Hermione whispered as she showed Minerva the Profit. Sure enough there on the front page was a picture of Lucius Malfoy and his son cutting the ribbon on the opening of a new building. The caption read:

Wednesday October 23, 2001

Malfoy Men Make Money on Maternity Ward: The Malfoy family shocked the world with this new addition to the hospital of St. Mungos. In memory of Narcissa Malfoy, deceased for 6 years they Malfoy men dedicate this new hospital wing in her name. It looks as if Malfoy is try to change his ways. What the People at the Profit don't understand is how Lucius Malfoy got himself out of Azkaban. He was charged on multiple accounts of murder, both adults and children, at the Siege of Hogwarts. This reporter talked to a passerby with the news.\_

"\_The bastard should have been kissed. If he will willing to kill children, then she should have been kissed like the rest of those Death Eaters that tried to murder our loved ones at the Siege."\_

This source would like to remain anonymous but this reporter feels something is in the works and if the Ministry doesn't keep tabs on the man. With Lucius Malfoy, Voldemort's financial supporter, back can we expect another war brewing in the future? Is the Malfoy heir going to take the reins his father might pass down?\_

\_Rita Skeeter\_

"Do whatever it takes Miss Granger. I will cancel your Potions classes for the remainder of the week and you can begin class on Monday," McGonagall sighed and patted Hermine's hands and Hermione reached for her arm in askance, "It's nothing Hermione. I am Feeling old," Then she straighten her robes and turned back to the great hall, "It's just as well about your classes. I saw the damage. It will take you the day to get the damage fixed."

Hermione knew when she was shut out by the older woman and it never bothered her. She knew McGonagall lost more than any them. She fought two wars, and lost her best friend when Albus Dumbledore died. She placed a reassuring hand on her mentor's shoulder then walked back to Narcissa. She noticed the blonde observing their interaction and then tilt her head to the side. Hermione nodded for her to follow and Narcissa.

Hermione walked through the Great Hall and smiled at her students and pointed to one of the boys and told him her was lucky that his essay was postponed. Narcissa smiled when the boy blushed and smiled. She watched as most of the girls in the hall watched Hermione with adoration in their eyes, something akin to worship. Hermione brushed it off and addressed the students who asked about potions.

"Well my colleague and I were trying to work on a secret project, and we blew it up," Hermione smiled at her students, "I am human just as you and I make mistakes. So try to be careful in my labs. I didn't have a potion master to apprentice me so I have to figure out the hard way. In the future I'll try not to blow us up, is that right Miss Blackman?" Hermione smiled as Narcissa narrowed her eyes. She caught on to the ploy and nodded. Hermione looked toward the table and McGonagall's smirk shown from the distance.

\_Clever girl\_, Narcissa mused. She was a Black and it was something she could get used to if she had to stay. It also took the wind out of who she was, and her connection with Black and Malfoy was now expertly hidden.

Hermione didn't have to tell her where the potions classes were and they walked in silence to the dungeons. Narcissa wondered as to why Hermione was distant when just that morning they were sharing a cup of tea and a sunrise. She went back to the conversation. Hermione said she was broken. How could she be broken? Out of the two she must be the most shattered. Her emotions were all over the place, and her head was spinning with possibilities of staying.

They opened the door and what they would was akin to a battle zone. Cauldrons scattered all over the room and there was a pit in the floor where Narcissa remembered flying back from the explosion. Hermione looked around and sighed and placed her hands on her hips. Her potion assignments that she had yet to grade lay in a fizzing mess on the floor in shades of hot pink to putrid green.

"Accio Narcissa's things," Hermione waited. Narcissa waited and hoped that the potions she made had made it through the accidental trip just fine. They looked at each other. Narcissa needed something from Hermione, but what she could not answer. Her watched as Hermione watched her with one hand on her hip and the other hanging. Narcissa, not for the first time, found how beautiful the woman was before her.

When she looked at Narcissa, except for last night, she was shielded against her. \_Tap, Tap, Tap on the window.\_ Hermione strode to the window and opened it and grasped the bag and a wand. She handed Narcissa back her things but her wand she held onto for one moment. Narcissa watched as Hermione looked the wooden magic infused stick over and noticed a darkness fill her friend's eyes.

"If I am to help you I am to need my wand Miss Granger," Narcissa held out her hand. Hermione gave the witch the wand and then strode past the woman and went to banish the mess of potions. Narcissa made sure the cauldrons were cleaned and stacked neatly against the wall. Both women then looked at the pit in the floor and the scorch marked on the wall. Hermione studied them. She fetched an empty vial and scrapped some of the residue into the test tube and placed it in her pocket. Then she looked at Narcissa.

"Soon, my friend, we will have a conversation about what you were brewing. For now I will settle with a simple explanation of the ingredients used, please," Hermione ordered the woman. Narcissa didn't like the tone.

"How dare you order me," She began.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Malfoy, but you blew up my lab with your past antics. I can't send you back if you don't tell me what you did," bristled Hermione.

"What if I don't want to go back?!" Narcissa screamed.

Hermione looked at the woman. She was livid that the pureblood snob would raise her voice to her in her own class when she was the one who destroyed the whole damn room. Then she screamed absolutely out of control. Narcissa Malfoy was never out of control. Nerves of steel and an icy mask to prove it nothing bothered her. Hermione kept kicking herself. She kept forgetting that this Narcissa was completely different from the one she knew. This woman would unravel the fabric of time if only to escape her past. Hermione sighed and apologized. Narcissa nodded and they got to work on fixing the damage. After hours of magical repairs both women were beat. Hermione noted it was past lunch but too early for dinner. Narcissa looked drained and pale. Hermione called a house elf.

"Winky, can we please have two mugs of hot chocolate and a turkey sandwich for me," she turned to Narcissa and noted the nod, "Make that two. Thank you Winky."

"You treat them like people," Narcissa murmured. Hermione bristled again and shoved her anger back down deep.

"I don't like slaves," Hermione replied. Narcissa looked up thinking she had not been heard.

"No I didn't mean anything negative by it. It is just I have grown up with them all my life. I treated them rather well by wizarding standards, but Lucius—" Narcissa paused and looked away.

"Narcissa I know we just met. There is a very despicable history between you and me in this time line, but I can't blame you for something you haven't done yet. If you need to talk to me then open up. I speak from personal experience that hiding it and holding it in



is the worst things for you," Hermione walked over to one of the class's tables closest to Narcissa, sat down and waited.

"How do we know each other in this time line?" Narcissa asked as she sat down at the table looking at Hermione.

"Ah Ah, Your story first. Our story may actually change the way you feel about me now. I'd like to keep this friendship for a few more moments," Hermione smiled sadly.

"Lucius treated everything he owned like that, an object. His house elves were treated horrible, he beat them, tortured them, and if they did well he left them alone. His friends, if that's what you can call them, feared him as he lorded power over them, threaten them. His wifeâ€|" Narcissa paused swallowed and could feel her face drain. She felt Hermione's hand on her own and she took it. She relished in the warmth.

"Does he hurt you?" Hermione's question was soft, barely a whisper and Narcissa nodded. Hermione turned on the stool and pulled Narcissa to her. Hermione now understood the way she flinched from her. The comment on kindness. She felt Narcissa wrap her arms around her waist and nuzzle her face into her neck as if she were trying to hide from the universe.

"Heâ€|heâ€|" Narcissa stammered into Hermione's throat. Hermione squeezed her tighter and listened and rocked the woman back and forth. There was tinny pop as Winky arrived with lunch. Narcissa began to pull away but Hermione held her. Hermione thanked Winky and the little house elf bowed and left them in the silent potions class. Hermione began to stroke Narcissa's hair as her mother had done when she found herself in her mother's arms after some of the kids were bullying her before she came to Hogwarts. She rubbed large soothing circles on Narcissa's back and kissed her temple as her mother had when she had been beaten down by the world.

Narcissa softly gasped as Hermione kissed her temple ever so gently. She could smell the woman's soap and closed her eyes loving it. Narcissa felt her chest swell and her stomach flutter. She had not felt that particular sensation since James Potter asked her to dance at a Yule Ball those years ago as a dare from her cousin Sirius. He was kind, even if it was a dare. She never really had crushes before, no one wanted to get to know the Black family too well seeing as her Sister Bellatrix was behaving erratically, and her other sister was thought of as damaged goods and a taboo subject because of who she would marry.

In Hermione's arms she was beginning to feel better, stronger. It was if life began to settle for her and she could think. She could feel without Lucius hovering over her demanding potions, or sex. Narcissa let go of Hermione and felt a chill run up her spine at the loss of her warm arms. Hermione reached for her hot chocolate and gave it to her. She took a bite from her sandwich and copied Hermione. They sat in silence. When she looked over to Hermione. Her gaze was faraway, and the life in her eyes died. Narcissa touched Hermione's arm and the woman flinched and pulled her arm to her as if to protect it, to hide it. Hermione looked from Narcissa and flatly spoke.

"I hate you," Hermione said into the space and Narcissa pulled back her hand and placed them in her lap and looked down at the empty

plate hurt. "I hate the woman you become, Narcissa, not the woman you were," Hermione cleared. Narcissa looked up at the woman and saw death, and violence, and pain flash as if she was reading a book with no words. All she read was her new friend's eyes.

"Who am I now?" Narcissa asked quietly. She often wondered how she would turn out in the future under the marriage of Lucius Malfoy. Would she even survive? Evidently she did. Hermione looked at Narcissa and she felt studied. She felt Hermione's eyes look at her hair, her eyes, her, cheeks, and lips. Then her gaze ran the length of her body and then she looked away yet again.

"You are gorgeous," Hermione began as she went back into the past, "You have a deadly beauty, both captivating yet cold. Your hips are slightly wider, and your bust is larger. I attribute that to childbearing. You are only slightly taller than you are now, or maybe it is the way you carry yourself like some sort of pureblood royal. You always wore the most fabulous clothes, always impeccable appearance. Striking and powerful. Even at the age of 47 you are one of the most beautiful people I have ever seen," Hermione paused. Narcissa felt her breath escape her. \_Her description of me is so sad, and so vivid but that isn't enough to hate someone. What happened?\_ She waited just as Hermione did for her. Her gaze was haunted as she still clung to her arm.

"One night I was captured. From now it has been three years, but feel like yesterday on some nights. I was taken to Malfoy Manor. My friends were placed in your dungeons as I was pinned to your reception hall floor. Your sister, Bellatrix, had her fun with me," Hermione's fingers went absently to her neck and shoulder where Narcissa noticed those circular scars earlier that morning. Narcissa reached out again and this time stood her ground as Hermione tried to pull her arm from the woman. Hermione slowly turned to Narcissa and then she let go. She let Narcissa take her arm. Narcissa rolled up the sleeve and what she saw made her hand go to mouth as if to hold in her gasp. She looked to Hermione and Hermione nodded. She ran her fingers over the scar. It looked horrible and red as if it was thinnest layer of skin holding in blood that welled just below the surface.

"How come it hasn't healed?" asked Narcissa. Hermione watched as this dark witch, pureblood muggle hater showed concern for a mudblood.

"She used a dark magic imbibed blade as she straddled my hips, pinned me down after a Cruciatus curse and carved this into my skin. She was furious, like an animal when I wouldn't give her information. For some strange reason she thought that biting me was going to make me talk. How can I talk when I have no idea what she was talking about?" Hermione said.

"What does this have to do with me other than hate by association?" Asked Narcissa as she put her hand in Hermione's.

"You watched," Hermione's eyes grew dark with hatred, and her voice deep with vengeance. Narcissa shook her head not believing her.

"You watched as I pleaded for my life as your sister exacted her form of sick fun upon my body," Hermione closed her eyes, "I begged you for help, and you gave none. You watched, cold as ice."

"Why would I do that?" Narcissa asked as she looked to the woman who she knew would change her life. Hermione shrugged and took her hand away from Narcissa and rolled her sleeve down.

"If you are not the ice cold bitch I know, it must have been to protect Draco," Hermione said as she got their things together.

"Who is Draco?" Narcissa asked as she helped her.

"Your son," Hermione smiled as she saw Narcissa's mouth make a small 'O' as that was plopped right in to her lap. "You and Lucius have a son named Draco. He is my age, and not my favorite person but I owe him for saving my best friend Harry."

Hermione saw the look of disgust flash across her face.

"After learning more about your relationship with Lucius, Draco is the only person you love. You would die for that prat," Hermione smiled. Narcissa grinned slightly and then went to the potions desk and brought out a quill and parchment. Hermione followed her. Narcissa began to write the ingredients, the steps to the potion, the addition of Murlap to help with pain. Then she reached into her bag and brought out the potions bottles and put them on the table. Hermione instantly recognized the peaceful drought potion by the milky white fluid but held up the golden potion with the murlap in it.

"The gold bottled have the murlap in it, and it works. It is peaceful drought with murlap to expedite the healing or bruises, scrapes, and swelling," Narcissa said as Hermione held on in her hand. Hermione conjured a glass and said aguamenti and filled the glass half full. She placed a small amount of the Murlap laced calming drought into the glass and handed it to Narcissa. Hermione motioned her to sit down and then reached for her broken ankle. She unlaces her shoes and look off her sock. Then gently placed her foot in her lap. Narcissa drank the potion and Hermione watched intently.

After a few minutes she watched as the swelling decreased and the bruising faded from the angry red, purple and blue to a disgusting yellow that indicated healing. Hermione put down her foot gently then reached for Narcissa not thinking about propriety or space she pulled up Narcissa's shirt to see the bruising about her ribs diminish just as the ankle. Hermine ran her fingers over Narcissa's skin and pulled back as Narcissa jumped. Hermione looked up to her.

"I'm sorry, did I hurt you?" Hermione asked concerned. Narcissa bit the inside of her cheek and shook her head. She wasn't expecting Hermione's warm fingers to illicit such a sensual response. Hermione looked at her ribs one more time and then looked at the list confused. All of these ingredients are not volatile or explosive. She went over to the potion shelves where the cauldron would have been. If her stores were the same as old Slughorn's when he left, assuming he organized the same way he did when he first taught at Hogwarts, the options in that area were. Her eyes lit up as she skimmed the disorganized shelves from the blast. She picked up the Blasting mushroom and looked at Narcissa. All she could do is shrug. It was a possibility.

"I need you to brew the potion again," Hermione looked at her watch,

she knew it took about a day for the calming draught to be brewed to effectiveness, "Let's start tomorrow morning."

Hermione was rushing out of the potions class and up the hall and then towards the headmistresses statue. Narcissa was able to keep up but it was painful... Hermione slowed her pace and walked with Narcissa. Once to the statue she said the password, and noticed the chuckle from Narcissa. Hermione smiled and took her friends hand as she ascended the spiraling stair case. Once in the headmistress's office McGonagall looked up over half-moon glasses. Narcissa and Minerva stared each other down. Hermione dropped into a chair and motioned for Narcissa to do the same.

"What is the matter with you two?" Hermione asked as she pinched the bridge of her nose as she felt the beginning of a headache.

"Nothing to concern yourself with Miss Granger," Minerva snapped.

"Oh I don't know about that you old cat," Narcissa shot at the older woman. Minerva was about to launch into a tirade when both Narcissa and Minerva heard Hermione's laughter.

"I see there is bad blood between you. Let me guess. Old pure blood families and a constant family feud and you don't even know who started it all you know is that you are conditioned to fight one another?" Hermione deducted. Narcissa smiled as she sat in the chair as Minerva sat back.

"You are too smart for your own good Miss Granger, but it was not a dramatic as eons of family feuding," McGonagall began, Narcissa motioned to the woman to continue, "Her damnable father is the worst sort who preach blood purity and killed my first love for it." McGonagall fumed and Hermione looked between the two.

"My problem with the cat is that she would never give her students a fighting chance just because of our last name, and because we are the offspring of her hated rival. That's between you and my father you old witch, you should have treated us with indifference not scorn," shouted Narcissa

"ENOUGH!" shouted Hermione looking at both women, "Minerva, you should treat her a tad bit better seeing as she and her son lied to the Dark Lord some years ago and saved Harry. Narcissa, I see your argument but have you lost someone you love?" Hermione looked to her friend and saw her gaze drop to her hands and shake her head. "Technically I am the youngest person in this room, and in my opinion we all need to grow up." Hermione pinched the bridge of her nose again as she was about to be thrown into a full on migraine, "Narcissa will be sent back soon."

"You found out what happened already?" Minerva asked shocked.

"Yes, it was pure accident and other than her consequences on not being where she needs to be I don't see any adverse effects of sending her back the quickest way I know how. I came to ask you before this little squabble broke out if you had a time turner? I can wrap the chain around me and Narcissa the way I did with Harry in third year to save Sirius. Once she is there I can come back and it would be as if she had never arrived."

Hermione looked at both women and the older witch nodded but Narcissa stood and walked from the office. When the door closed it was a grey haired witch with a gleam in her eyes that started down at her former student. It was a gleam she hadn't seen in years.

"You like her don't you?" Minerva asked. Hermione sighed, and slumped in her chair.

"Yes I do Professor," Hermione confessed as if she was transported back to 6th year worried about crush. She went to McGonagall about Ron and the older witch had the same gleam in her eyes as she did that moment.

"She is actually a lovely child, and a wonderful witch. You are right. I let a lot of things deter a positive relationship with my student but of the Black horde she was my favorite," the old professor smiled.

"Ha, I'll have to let her know you said that," Hermione ran and hair through her wavy hair. She was tired, and her headache wasn't subsiding, "I don't think it is wise to develop a relationship with Narcissa."

"If it is her current age, I assure you wizards survive longer than muggles do dear," McGonagall soothed then Hermione looked at her old teacher.

"What are you aiming at Minerva?" Hermione witnessed a caught McGonagall.

"Well let's assume she has a relationship with you a muggle born witch, maybe she can help our cause later, maybe even work for us, double agent."

"The war has turned you into a Slytherin. I will not use her. Naturally she will make her decisions when she gets back but I will not hurt or use her. She has had enough of that for one lifetime," Hermione sighed and felt her resolve strengthen, "If you could please find that time turner before Monday, we can get this mess fixed. Until then Narcissa and I will be experimenting with a new potion she has made. Thank you professor. Have a good day."

Hermione felt eyes on her back, and knew if she turned around she would see that old smile her teacher used to sport when she knew things were going to be okay. Hermione left the room and was surprised to find Narcissa sitting on the top of the stairs just on the other side of the door. Hermione looked from the door to the woman and back again. Every word, she heard every damn word. Hermione put her hands in her pockets and walked down the stairs and then into the hall. Their silence was thick, but not uncomfortable. It felt like there were many things to be said.

"Thank you," Narcissa uttered. Hermione nodded as she thought of the woman beside her and wished for the first time ever that Narcissa Malfoy would wrap her arms around her, but she didn't. Her shoulder brushed Narcissa's as Narcissa slightly limped down the corridor. The Narcissa's hand brushed her leg as she walked. Hermione wanted to touch her. Deep down Hermione knew the longer Narcissa were to stay the more she would lose something she had never given to another

person completely.

"I don't want to go back," Narcissa whispered. Hermione let a sliver of resolve slip and reached out her hand to Narcissa's. She squeezed it and led her down the hall then up the stair case, and then toward the astronomy tower. She didn't say it, she couldn't say it, but she wanted her to stay too.

#### 4. Temptations

Ok Guys,

I know I said these updates will not be frequent and two in one day is... VERY frequent. PLEASE do not get used to this. I just could not leave my girls like I did in the previous chapter. I like my fluff too much. Also please remember Hermione is in her own home, why should she have to cover up especially since that damn towel is a metaphor? I hope you will enjoy.

Snow

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><p>Narcissa heard every word that transpired between the cat and Hermione. She felt her heart jump and soar as she heard Hermione champion her, and protect her. She knew that it was probably her damaged psyche, or her tattered emotions, maybe even her dislike of men now that Lucius took her without her say, but she loved this woman. Narcissa sat now on the balcony looking out over Hogwarts with stars in the sky and a full moon softly lighting up the grounds. She heard the sounds of student practicing for their Quidditch match coming up, but she was grateful not to have witches and wizards fly around and obstruct her view of what was her second home as a child. She let Hermione go back into the bowels of the castle to meet with various departments as it was their weekly meeting to discuss, curriculum, student progress, and any administrative occurrences. Hermione had to go with a singular purpose, how where her kids doing? It would have been the second day without potions and Narcissa could tell that Hermione was a woman of habit, and routine. She needed that type of control and craved to be teaching. Narcissa smiled. It was the perfect profession for the woman.<p>

She was gentle, kind and caring. Soft but there was also a hardness inside of her, and Narcissa wondered if she had always been like that. She spoke of a war, and briefly which side they were on. Narcissa could not begin to fathom how they were enemies. Even though Hermione was of muggle origin, it didn't matter to Narcissa. As she thought of that her mind flowed to how she was going to handle Lucius. She could divorce him, but she would be left with nothing. Then there was a child. Would it be called killing a child if you haven't even conceived of him yet? Could she even let Lucius touch her to make a baby? Thought of her touch repulsed her. It physically made her weak. She touched her cheek as she remembered the time he punched her. Yes, punched. Balled up fist, pulled back, and let loose punched her. She knew her cheek was broken but all she could do was conceal it, and feign illness. Where did the man she marry go? Was he even there?

The door to the living room opened and a tired Hermione stepped in

and flopped down on the sofa. Narcissa wanted to go to her, she wanted to be that person Hermione wanted, and would confide in and love. But how much of her affections were due to her present relationship with her husband, and then the tender care of this woman that with every touch, and smile seemed to save a small piece of her heart? Narcissa heard the bathroom door open and the bath begin to fill. She could already smell the bath salt of spearmint and eucalyptus fill the room. Heard the sounds of another human pattering around in their space, and Narcissa closed her eyes imprinting the sounds, and smells of this wonderful woman's dwelling, her space into her memories. Sounds stopped as she heard the slosh of water in the bathroom. Narcissa, taking a chance, making choice stood. She stood in the bedroom and took her clothes off. She looked into the mirror and saw her reflection. The circles that had plagued her eyes had faded and only she knew they were still there but she looked rested, healthy. Her skin glowed in the moonlight. Her breasts were of moderate size and she was comfortable with them, and she looked to her ribs and noted the mottled yellow color and then slowly bent over at the waist she could make it to a 45 degree angle from her legs then have to stoop as pain lanced through her side. She smiled. She was healing. She looked at the door and then slowly walked to the bathroom she opened the door. She saw Hermione's head shift at the creak of the door but didn't completely turn nor did she say anything. She went to the cupboard and got a towel and wrapped it around her body. She still, after everything they shared was shy, and ashamed of her body. She saw Hermione with her head back cradled by her own towel. She walked to the tub and stepped into the water and sat against the adjacent wall of Hermione. She looked at Hermione and Hermione simply sat there with her eyes closed. Narcissa did the same. After many moments Hermione startled her.

"You know I have read novels where sex scenes start out just like this," Hermione smiled as Narcissa looked at her with wide eyes so she continued, "Woman sits in a bath, the love interest comes in the bath under innocent pretenses. They share smoldering looks, cross the water," Hermione began to move toward Narcissa and Narcissa's breath caught. She was gorgeous. Trim hips, small but firm breasts, and round thighs thatâ€¦ Narcissa swallowed.

"Then they look at each other as if they were the only person in the world that could be their demise and their salvation," Hermione whispered as she, thankfully, sat next to Narcissa but she never took her brown eyes from Narcissa's blue, "Then they embrace passionately, taking and giving everything they possibly could." Hermione finally looked away from Narcissa. She could breathe again. That was intense. That was, unexpected. She continued to watch the woman before her as she lay her head back and closed her eyes again. She looked so tired.

"You read interesting novels, my dear," Narcissa bit her cheek. She couldn't stop the endearment from passing her lips. She looked over to see that Hermione only smiled.

"I always wanted to be one of the characters in my books," Hermione said and Narcissa looked over to the woman and saw her peering at her through a half closed lid. What the hell was she to do with that information after she came over to her like a temptress? Narcissa heard Hermione move. She felt hands come in contact with her body as she shoved Narcissa forward slightly and then pulled her up, and then in between her legs. Hermione reached around Narcissa embracing her

and pulling her to her chest. They sat like that for a long time embraced. Narcissa felt that this was one of the most intimate things she had ever done as she lay her head back against Hermione's shoulder and sighed.

"What did you expect to happen when you came in here, Narcissa?" Hermione whispered in her ear. She shivered as wisps of her breath tickled her ear and neck. Hermione wandlessly cast a spell to heat up the water a little to take off her chill.

"How can you cast wandlessly?" Narcissa asked breathlessly.

"Spell book in the restricted section and you are avoiding my question," Hermione answered and Narcissa and practically hear the smile on Hermione's lips.

"I suppose I was wanting to be one of the characters in your stories too," Narcissa turned her head and pressed her lips to the corner of Hermione's mouth. The brunette smiled but she didn't kiss her back. Narcissa's heart fell.

"I don't think you are ready for that sweetheart," Hermione said softly taking the bite out of her statement. Narcissa moved from Hermione's arms and turned around looking at her with her head tilted to the side and her arms crossed over her chest as if she had just been challenged. Hermione chuckled.

"How can you say that? I practically threw myself at you," Narcissa stood to leave but Hermione's hand tugged on her wrist.

"Come here," she said with a smile on her lips, "First if I didn't want you do you really think I would have sat you intimately, and snuggly between my legs? Secondly, we both know you are running from Lucius, so would this foray into lesbianism be because you care greatly for me or is it because you hate him? Third," Hermione paused and reached out a hand and tugged on the tip of the towel covering Narcissa's body, "If you were ready would you be hiding from me?" Narcissa sighed. Hermione had her pegged. Narcissa reached up to her towel and Hermione stopped her and shook her head. Hermione leaned forward shocked them both and placed a chaste feather like kiss on Narcissa's lips and pulled away. She stood and Narcissa got not only a glimpse but a full on show of the beautiful woman she just shared a bath with. Hermione jumped into the shower and washed her hair and the sweat from her body. Narcissa slumped against the wall. She just threw herself at the one person that showed her any kindness. She buried her face in her hand and shook her head. \_What kind of person am I?\_

She heard the water turn off and the shower door open and saw Hermione exit in a towel wrapped around her body. Hermione cocked her head and Narcissa exited the water and made it to the shower as well. She let the hot water hit her and tried not to think of herself as a fool.

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Hermione made it to her bedroom as she heard the water turn on. She leaned against her bed and buried her hands in her face. How on earth could I have been so bold to a woman who is unsure of what she wanted? Hermione quickly put her clothes on and got Narcissa a pair



of pajamas, and put them on the bed. She sat in the living room with her feet propped up on the table and her wet hair combed back as she rested her head against the back of the sofa. Who cares if she left a huge wet spot on the back of the couch? She was exhausted. She exhaled heavily through her nostrils and mused over the woman she was stupid enough to have fallen in love with. She has to go to her own time. She is a Malfoy, and before that a Black. Hermione shook her head at that last thought, a name doesn't matter.

After many long moments she felt a depression on the couch next to her and she lifted her arm. She smiled when wet hair cuddled against her shoulder.

"I am sorry Hermione," Narcissa apologized. Hermione shifted to where Narcissa lay her head in Hermione's lap. Hermione took her wand and dried Narcissa hair, and then began to stroke her locks tenderly.

"Why?" Hermione asked as her gentle touch began to make Narcissa relax and loosen up. Narcissa looked up into Hermione's face and noticed the bags she was beginning to sport under her eyes. Narcissa reached up with the back of her index finger and touched her cheek there. Hermione looked down.

"You are tired. You have to rest," Narcissa stood and pulled Hermione up with her good side. And took her hand and pulled her to the bedroom. Hermione gave her a look and Narcissa chuckled. It was a sound Hermione had never heard the woman make and found it one of the most wonderful sounds she had ever heard.

"We are going to sleep, Hermione. Don't tell me after that lovely speech about me not being ready you are changing your mind?" Narcissa challenged with a raised eyebrow and she arms crossed over her chest. For the first time since she arrived she saw a glimpse of the Narcissa Malfoy she knew, in the posture and facial features. But this was all play and Hermione smiled. She went to the side of the bed and lay down watching Narcissa. She was not going to lie she did want to take Narcissa but there was something there that kept her back, and no it wasn't the time paradox issue. She waited and it was only when Hermione stretched out her hand to the woman that made Narcissa's choice for her. The woman slipped in to the bed and they looked at the ceiling. She felt Hermione's hand lace their fingers as and in no time at all the brunette was fast asleep. Narcissa only took a little longer. She wished she could be in her arms forever, she felt safe, good, and loved. Evidence of that in the bath. If she could that would be her bathing position from now on. She smiled as she glanced over to her bed mate. She never answered her question. When her eyes closed she wished her dreams were of her.

## 5. A Hero and A Human

Hey Everyone,

It is a cloudy, humid, and just downright disgusting day today. I wanted to curl up with a cup of Hazelnut coffee and read a book, or fanfiction, but I was thinking if I didn't write a new chapter or average MAYBE a chapter a day I would get out of the habit and I could possibly drop it. It's happened before, and I don't want it to happen.

**\*\*This is a chapter with a love scene between two women. Here is your disclaimer if you are against that then please do not read this chapter and try to keep up later. \*\*** I'm sorry if the chapter is short of rushed or forced. I wanted to keep up the pace.

Thanks for all your support. I found your kind words a source of motivation to keep writing the story.

Snow

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><p>Screams, loud soul piercing screams shattered the night. Narcissa bolted away and looked to the woman next to her. She thrashed and howled. Narcissa leaned over the woman trying to avoid being hit and soothed her back to her but she couldn't. She was too lost. She sat up but Hermione just shoved her off. Narcissa climbed on top of Hermione and pinned her wrists to the pillows and rode the woman as she bucked up and shifted in her sleep. Narcissa shoved all of her weight onto Hermione's forearms and screamed back into Hermione's face. Then instantly she snapped awake. Narcissa's heart broke when she looked into Narcissa's eyes and pleaded for help and snapped her head to the side. Narcissa knew she was so enthralled in her dream that even always she saw Bellatrix. With Hermione calmer she held onto her pulling the woman's head to her chest and shushed her and she oved Hermione's hair from her brow.<p>

"Hermione, I need you to wake up," Narcissa spoke softly as if to an injured animal, "Hermione you are scaring me, please wake up." Narcissa rocked the damaged woman back and forth until her felt arms wrap around her own clutching Narcissa's arms around her body. Hermione sat up and pulled away from Narcissa and looked to her arms and then to Narcissa. Narcissa's hands were covered in red, and it was only then that she can smell the coppery tang of blood in the room. Hermione held her arms to her chest and slowly stood and went to the bathroom and stood at the sink. Narcissa followed and made Hermione sit down on the loo as she went to the cupboard to the right of the towels and came back with an antibacterial salve, and some bandages. Narcissa washed her hands and brought a warm cloth back to Hermione and wiped away the blood and then began to smear the salve on to Hermione's cursed scar. The blood didn't stop flowing but it slowed and as Narcissa went to wash her hands once more quickly of blood and salve mix she came back to Hermione as she held her arm out. Narcissa began to bandage the arm.

"Now you understand why I asked to have my accommodations built as far away from the rest of the staff and children as possible," Hermione looked at Narcissa's job and nodded. Narcissa saw the woman close down, and shut her out as she walked to her balcony holding her arm. Narcissa followed her and put an arm around the woman. It was her turn to be strong, it was her turn to take the pain.

"Let me in," Narcissa pleaded as she closed her arms around Hermione, "It's my turn to save you if you let me."

Hermione stepped from Narcissa and sat down in one of the chairs and Narcissa followed. She looked to Narcissa and didn't take her eyes from her.

"You look a lot like your sister. Did you know that?" Hermione began and Narcissa felt her heart clench, "When you were above me, pinning me down, I thought my nightmares had come true and I was back in Malfoy Manor." Narcissa looked down and her hands, her recently scrubbed hands and then clenched them into fists. She would kill Bella if she got her hands on the bitch.

"There is more than what I have ever told another living soul," Hermione looked to Narcissa and pulled her knees up to her chest and whispered, "Being branded, with this mark wasn't the worst of the torture. These bites on my neck and shoulder are also a smaller part of that torture. The cruciatus curse was only another part of the experience. She entered my mind and in there exacted some of the most horrible acts I could have ever imagined. When I woke Harry, Ron, and Dobby popped me out of there. It took weeks for me to be able to think clearly and months the sleep. I guess she raped my mind." Hermione stopped and sighed. Narcissa knew her sister was a skilled Legilimens and knew she used her skill for torture, but she had never been on the receiving end. Narcissa left her chair and went to the woman that was huddled in her chair. She looked so much younger, like a lost and scared little girl. She knelt in front of her and gently pulled Hermione's arms and legs free from the ball she had folded herself into.

"How often do you have dreams like this?" Narcissa asked as she continued to slowly unfold the woman.

"I have them that bad anywhere from once a week to once every two weeks. Other nightmares are almost every other night, sometimes more sometimes less," Hermione said as she let Narcissa take control her limbs. Narcissa slid her body between Hermione's legs and pulled the woman closer to the edge of the chair.

Hermione's body came in contact with Narcissa's and she sighed as Narcissa's arms encircled her waist and held her. Hermione spread her legs wider and closed all distance between the two women.

"I am sorry for pinning you to the bed," Narcissa pulled her head back to look in to Hermione's eyes, "I would never hurt you Hermione." Narcissa kissed Hermione's forehead as she let the woman bury her head in the crook of her neck. Hermione felt like some of her demons could finally stop chasing her, and never in her life had she felt as supported as she did in these moments with Narcissa.

"I know I came to you weak, and broken. I know I have a lot to heal, but I know this accident happened for a reason. I am a realist, and I hate romance, but I feel that love would be in our future. I feel my heart is already lost, and I will have to leave it here with you, in the future," Narcissa paused as she felt Hermione squeeze her tightly, "If I told you I loved you, after only two days of knowing you, would you believe me?" Narcissa stopped talking, and waited for a response. A few moments later she felt a warm wetness trickle slowly down her neck. She felt Hermione's shoulders shudder, and she felt her breathing hiccup.

"Oh my love, you do not have to answer me now," Narcissa pulled from Hermione and put her hands on Hermione's shoulders so she could look at her finally blue and brown met, "As a Black the word love was hardly uttered in our halls. As a Malfoy love is nonexistent in that manor. Here with you in the high quarters in a tower on a balcony, I

feel loved. I feel stronger, and healthier for it. I feel saved." Narcissa stood to go into the living room. When she walked past Hermione she let her fingers linger and slid over her skin as she made her way to the bedroom. She felt lightheaded as she spoke her feelings, and let her emotions show. As a pureblood witch in a practically royal house in the wizarding world, one had to keep their true self hidden. Never show favor, or dislike. You had to be absolutely neutral and indifferent. Narcissa knew she had to give Hermione time to think and to get her wits back after such a horrible nightmare then her claim of love. It was a lot, maybe even too much in one night.

She felt herself slipping back off to sleep when she felt arms wrap around her waist and a head rest on her chest. Narcissa stroked Hermione's brown mane.

"Thank you," Hermione said. Narcissa nodded and they both went back to sleep.

The next day saw Narcissa and Hermione in the potions lab early. They dressed in silence, and walked through quiet halls down to the dungeons in silence. Narcissa wished for Hermione to break the silence, it was driving her mad. It was Saturday and she leaves for the past tomorrow. Narcissa knew she was a fool for telling Hermione what she did, and an even larger fool for letting her lose her heart to the future.

They worked shoulder to shoulder making the Draught of Peace. Their early morning work proved quick as they got 3 cauldrons brewing before lunch. Since they skipped breakfast Hermione suggested lunch so that the cauldrons could simmer for the allotted time. They walked through the corridors and then to the Great Hall to absolute chaos. The four houses had been launched into a full blown food war. McGonagall was nowhere to be seen. Hermione raised her wand to her throat and cast *Sonorus*.

"Desist!" Hermione's voice rang out over the hall. Almost as if by magic every student stopped to see the late comer who dared to stop their fight. Silence passed in Hermione's wake as she made it to the Staff table above the students.

"What kind of Hogwarts is this where we throw our food, and wallow in such filth? Are we pigs?" Hermione looked over each and every table. The children began to sit down with their heads hung low, "Is this how heroes are made?" once again Hermione looked at the children and around the hall there was a muttered 'No Mumm.' "Do you think Dumbledore, or Harry Potter, or even Ron Weasley would like to come here to this Great Hall and see the children of Hogwarts behaving as ANIMALS!?" Hermione looked to the staff and then nodded. "Lunch is dismissed, Prefects take your houses to their dorms and see to it they are cleaned up for afternoon classes.

Narcissa stood off to the side of the hall and watched impressed by Hermione's command over the staff and the students.

"I remember a time when the Weasley Twins started a food fight and it was almost as bad as this one? What happened?" Hermione asked with a mischievous smile upon her lips. It was a vast change from the woman they had seen a few moments ago.

"Lions versus snakes again Hermione," Professor Flitwick said as he brushed lettuce off his shoulder. Hermione groaned.

"Is it really that time of year again?" Hermione shook her head. Damn Quidditch. She looked around and saw the house elves already half way through clean up. "Where is the Headmistress?"

"Minerva took a trip to the Department of Mysteries. She is going go to requisition that item you requested," Flitwick said as all the other staff members began grumbling and filling out of the hall.

"I see," Hermione looked at Narcissa and then went to her seat at the staff table next to Flitwick, and her favorite appeared, potato soup with a small hunk of bread. Narcissa sat down next to her and then smiled as a small chicken breast with a rice pilaf sat on a plate in front of her.

"Do you want to try my soup?" Hermione asked Narcissa. Narcissa was grateful for the small conversation and nodded her head. Hermione tore a small piece of the bread, dipped it the creamy soup and then handed to Narcissa. Narcissa eyes closed as she tasted it.

"It's wonderful," Narcissa took her spoon and stole some of Hermione's lunch. Flitwick observed the two woman and simply smiled. He knew when he was nothing more than a third wheel. "So how are you able to convince an entire great hall full of crazy children in the midst of a flood fight on an epic scale to stop?"

"Oh I don't know. I have high expectations for my kids, and a wonderful rapport is another plus in my column," Hermione blushed.

"And she too is a hero of the war and a Hero of Hogwarts." Hermione and Narcissa looked down the hall at the interruption and saw McGonagall walking toward them. "I already heard of the episode Miss Granger and thank you for interfering. I have what you had requested but I had had to call in Kingsley for a favor," McGonagall handed Hermione a time turner but it looked different that the time turned she used in third year.

"This is a time turned that can take you back years instead of hours, and you can come back as soon as Mrs. Malfoy is deposited in the past. This one works differently. You have to but spin it three time during the incantation and then the time and date in which you wish to arrive. This is one of a kind Miss Granger. I owe Kingsley a large, LARGE favor for borrowing this. So don't break it please," McGonagall turned to Narcissa, and looked her over.

"I believe that an apology is in order Narcissa," Minerva looked at Narcissa Malfoy and sighed, "Your father's and my feud should not have trickled down to the children. You are right. I apologize," Then Minerva looked at Hermione and narrowed her eyes and a little gleam was found there in her blue eyes, "I see that you can take care of our guest Miss Granger." With that the Headmistress excused herself.

"What was that all about?" Narcissa asked as Hermione began eating again, "What did she say you were a hero of the war and a Hero of Hogwarts?" Hermione only shrugged.

"Harry, Ron, and I did the best we could and defended our friends and family the best we could," Hermione told her friend.

"You are someone important, aren't you?" Narcissa said as she scooped up some rice and took a bite being to feel full.

"I believe that every person that lifted a wand to save the life of another, on either side mind you, is important. I think what shocked most was that we were children fighting a war."

"How old were you?"

"I was 18 when we started our quest and 19 when the war had ended," Hermione pushed her soup away and then stood, motioning for Narcissa to follow her, "As I have said, we were children. It's something the kids look up to when they see me, Harry, or Ron."

"What do they see?"

"I want to think they see a standard of tolerance, and good in Harry. In Ronald they would see strength and loyalty. In me I would hope they see strength, and intelligence."

"I actually could see all of those qualities you mentioned in you Hermione and more," Narcissa said as they opened the potion lab doors. Hermione smiled and nodded then they went back to the potions.

"Please finish what you did to make the gold fluid in that bottles. I would like to have some in our stores, especially since it's the first quidditch match of the year," Hermione watched Narcissa's every movement. Watched what she put in the cauldron and what direction she stirred the fluid and how many times. Now it was another few moments of waiting.

"Alright it's finished, now all we have to do is test it," Narcissa said. Hermione took a little knife from her drawer and pierced the skin of her index finger before Narcissa could say anything. The blonde gave Hermione a solution of 4 drops in to a cup of water and then gave the cup to her Hermione.

Hermione drank it and waited then all of a sudden Hermione began coughing, and then her breathing became labored, and her face turned red as Hermione hunched over in pain and landed on her knees Narcissa ran to her side.

"What's going on Hermione!?" Narcissa's hands were shaking as she looked around the lab for something, then Hermione fell to the floor, no longer breathing. Narcissa's eyes swam with tears. She tilted her head down to Hermione and listened for her breath but there was none. She pinched Hermione's nose and breathed into Hermione's mouth. Then hands entwined in Narcissa's hair as lips moved against her own. Narcissa broke from the kiss and looked down to a smiling Hermione. Hermione held up her index finger and it was as good as new. Narcissa smacked Hermione on the shoulder and her breath shuddered and her tears came streaming down her cheeks.

"You ratbag bastard! I thought I killed you. I thought I killed you," Narcissa's words were silenced as Hermione's mouth claimed Narcissa's. This was a different kiss that the small pecks, or feather

light touches they had shared. This was firm, and luscious. Sweet, and wet. Narcissa's hands went up to cup Hermione's face and a whimper escaped her throat as Hermione licked her bottom lip. Narcissa let her in, and it was exquisite. Their mouths molded and tongues danced. Narcissa had never felt so alive, and Hermione had never felt so much passion. Narcissa began to lower Hermione down when Hermione stopped and pulled back.

"I can't do this here," Hermione said as she thumbed a blonde lock behind Narcissa's ear, "I teach here and I can't teach these kids with memories ofâ€¦" Hermione blushed. Narcissa laughed, a full side splitting belly laugh and Hermione smiled at the woman. "You are beautiful," Hermione looked at the cauldrons and stood with Narcissa.

"Let's bottle these potions, and then I would love to invite you to my chambers," Hermine said a little formally but she never lost that teenage love struck look on her face.

The walk to Hermione's quarters was long as they strolled down the halls at a decent pace so as not to alert anyone to the urgency both women desperately needed to explore. When Hermione let Narcissa into her living room Narcissa was swallowed up into arms and lips. She and Hermione fought for dominance, and control but in the end Narcissa won, and Narcissa guided them to the bedroom. She guided Hermine down to the mattress never letting go of her lips, and never breaking contact with her body. Narcissa had never made love to a woman and suddenly she found herself feeling unsure.

Hermione looked up into Narcissa's face and saw the internal debate upon her lover's brow. Hermione placed her palm on Narcissa's face.

"I love you," Hermione whispered and Narcissa smile brightly, "and if you don't want to do this I will not make you." Narcissa leaned down and softly captured Hermione's lips.

"I want to, it's just I have never," Narcissa began and then a matching smile shined back at her. Hermione pulled her down to lay next to her. They looked at each other as then touched the others skin and ran their hands up the others arms and hips.

"I'm glad you haven't," Hermione said as she looked at Narcissa, "Because I haven't either and this is something we can explore together," Hermione leaned forward and Narcissa met her half way.

Slow smoldering kisses sent tingles from lips through their bodies to their toes. Hermine slowly reached over to Narcissa and unbuttoned her blouse as they sat up. Hermione nodded as Narcissa reached over and copied Hermione's actions. When the blouse came unbuttoned Hermione shoved the shirt over her lovers shoulder and dipped her head to slide her lips over her pale skin. Narcissa tilted her head as Hermione slid her lips up her neck to her ear in tiny kisses.

"May I please touch you, Narcissa?" Hermione asked waiting for admittance to the rest of Narcissa's body. Narcissa nodded as she shed the shirt from Hermione's torso. Hermione stood them up. Both women lost their shirts, and stood in socks, jeans, bras, and

panties. Hermione feasted her eyes on the beauty of Narcissa. And her eyes met Narcissa's blue. She stepped forward and unbuttoned the other woman's jeans, sliding her hands down her hips as the jeans slid down her legs. Narcissa reached out with trembling fingers and fumbled with Hermione's buttons. Hermione took Narcissa's hands and brought them to her lips. She kissed each finger and then slide them slowly down her chest, over her bra, and then to her hips. Narcissa's mouth had gone dry and she licked her lips and tried again.

She tucked her fingers into the waist of Hermine's Jeans and then slid them to her button. She noticed the excitement in Hermione's eyes and smiled. She felt her confidence rise as she unbuttoned Hermione's jeans and slid them over hips just as the woman before her had done to her. Then her hands slid up Hermione's body. Her hands slid over Hermione's hips, then the flat planes of her stomach and then her waist. She kept her hands planted at her waist as she leaned into Hermione. It was the first time noticed that Hermione was slightly shorter than herself. Narcissa ran her lips over Hermine's scarred neck and shoulder and felt Hermione shudder and heard a moan from Hermione as hands slid over her back and drew her closer to Hermione. Narcissa stepped further into Hermione space and their bodies touched and it sent a shock through her. Hermione's fingers made quick work of Narcissa's bra clasp and Narcissa claimed Hermione's lips as she unhooked hers as well.

Both women stood there next to the bed, chest to chest, embraced, searching, taking, giving as they stood touching and feeling the other woman. Narcissa pulled back and of her own volition stripped the last article of clothing from her body. Hermione stood there entranced. Narcissa smiled and reached for Hermione and slid the last piece of clothing from her. Then they both got into the bed. They laid facing each other as they did earlier.

"Are you sure?" they asked at the same time, and both woman shyly smiled and nodded, but neither moved. They were both captured in the moment frozen. Hermione lid her hand over the bed between them. Narcissa watched that hand slowly slip up and press delicate fingers to her ribs, and then a full palm slid up.

"May I please touch you?" Hermione asked again. Narcissa nodded once more as Hermione's palm covered her breast. Narcissa's head fell back to the pillows as Hermine stroked her nipple and caressed her milky white skin. Hermione moved closer to Narcissa as she kissed her way from her shoulder to the clavicle, to the hollow of her throat. Narcissa's breathing became ragged, as Hermione slowly inched, down between Narcissa's breasts. Hermione looked up as caught Narcissa's usually light blue eyes several shades darker, and then watched as her eyes slammed closed when Hermione's mouth covered the tip of her erect nipple.

Narcissa's world just got a lot bigger. The feel of Hermione's mouth on her skin was a feeling she hand never known. Lucius was never as gentle. Even when they were intimate his touch had never made her pulse quicken, and his touch never made her flood with wetness. Hermione's gentle kisses and careful touches awakened in Narcissa something that slumbered and now it needed to be fed. It had been starved for many years, maybe even for as long as she had been alive, but it needed Hermione. Narcissa grasped her lovers head and pulled her too her. She felt Hermione suck harder, nibble, and kiss. She was devoured, and she loved it. Hermione shifted on top of Narcissa as



she claimed her lips. Narcissa moaned as her mouth went through the same treatment and Hermione pulled back one more time as she lightly kissed her lips. It was then then she felt Hermione's hands on her lower abdomen and Narcissa's eyes flew open. Her eyes were around Hermione's shoulders, her legs were open wide in invitation.

"May I please touch you?" She asked one more time as her fingers slowly inched lower to her core. Narcissa looked in to beautiful brown eyes and a tear fell down her temple as she looked up at her lover.

"I'm afraid Hermione," Narcissa confessed. Hermione kissed her and gently as possible and her hand traveled to her thigh Narcissa didn't know it but she began to rock into Hermione. Hermione closed her eyes and Narcissa watched her lover as she slid her core against the woman. Hermione began to roll into her and when thighs met centers then began a dance, a rolling rhythm. Breaths could be heard and bodies became slick with perspiration. Hermione picked up the pace and Narcissa knew the woman was getting close to orgasm, and as she rocked into Hermione's thigh she could feel hers mounting as well. Hermione took Narcissa's fingers and slid them down their bodies.

"Please, my love, I need you," Hermione whimpered. Narcissa watched Hermione as she slipped into her pool of sacred fluids and she gasped as how erotic it felt Hermione groaned as Narcissa curled her fingered and began to more deeper into the woman, she felt her essence, felt her core, and she loved the woman more because of the trust she let her have. Narcissa moved in and out of her lover and moments later of excited rocking, and deeper thrusting Hermione's head threw back and a guttural groan passed Hermione's lips as she spoke her name on climax. Her name in ecstasy, in that pure moment of bliss shared between two people. Hermione didn't ask this time as she slipped into Narcissa gently and Narcissa's eyes slammed shut and she clutched at Hermione's shoulder and pulled her to her. She rocked into the body above her and felt the walls of her core clench and contract as Hermione gently increased the pace. Narcissa wrapped her legs around Hermione's hips as she rode the brunette's fingers to ecstasy. When her orgasm hit, she screamed Hermione's name. Lost in the throes of passion all self-control and training was thrown to the wayside as she let wave after wave of bliss wash over her. She had never felt anything life it before. Both women lay next to each other and looked at the other. Hermione slid her hand across the space and took her hand.

"I am sorry for not waiting my love," Hermione apologized softly. Narcissa smiled at the beauty before her.

"Never apologize got bringing me happiness, Hermione, and that is exactly what you did. You brought me absolute happiness," Narcissa leaned over and Kissed Hermione. Soon that innocent kiss led to more carnal delights. And By the time to the morning came, both woman knew what love was, what it felt like, what it tasted like. They knew it was bittersweet, but it was the sweetness that would last them, and hold one of the women over for decades, waiting for her life to begin again.

Hey guys,

Long day. The storms where horrible and I couldn't sleep. I have a feeling that this is going to be a short chapter but please be patient with me. I have to get through, a goodbye, get Narcissa home, have Narcissa stand up to her husband, and have her reclaim her independence in her marriage. Golly I got my work cut out for me. Haha.

Thank you all for your support. You reviews as always give me confidence and urge my desire to keep writing. You all are wonderful. Please be patient with this chapter.

Thanks,

Snow

\* \* \*

><p>The sky seemed to mimic the storms that brewed in their hearts. Hermione curled up and lay her head on Narcissa's chest. It seemed that last night had invoked Narcissa's inner animal and Hermione treasured it. Into the wee morning hours their appetited were not sated, and Narcissa grew more and more confident. Hermione smiled as the woman took her, drove her to depth between pleasure and pain as she screamed for more. Narcissa was a gentle and passionate lover, but those few timesâ€¦| Hermine shuddered.<p>

"Are you cold dear?" Narcissa asked as she felt Hermione shiver against her. Hermione rolled onto her back and looked up to the woman that sat braced against the headboard of the bed. Hermione smiled.

"No, I was remembering," said as she slid up Narcissa's body. She straddled her lover's lap and cupped her face with her hands. Hermione felt Narcissa's breath hitch as hands slid up her thighs and rested on her hips. Hermione arched into Narcissa as she scratched the sensitive skin at her hips and then her eyes met Narcissa's. Narcissa looked to the window and saw the sky. She reached her arms around the woman in her arms and placed her head against Hermione's chest as Hermione slipped her arms around her shoulders.

"What are you thinking?" Hermione asked in Narcissa's ear.

"I just found you," Narcissa hugged Hermione to her tighter, "I can't give you up."

"I was thinking about that too, and you will need proof just in case," Hermione said as she pulled back from Narcissa so she could see her. Narcissa cocked her head to the side, "When I grow up will be bullied, and thought down upon because of my bookworm ways. My middle name is Jean and I will live in Crawley. These are things that should not be influenced in the timeline due to what you know. What day and year was it when you exploded into my life?"

"I believe it was October 14th 1978," Narcissa thought unsure. Her days bled together before she hurtled to the future.

"I haven't been born yet," Hermione said lightly, "Narcissa, love, this will sound very â€¦| strange but you will be about the same age

as my mother when she gives birth to me when you give birth to your son." Hermione paused, and bit her lip as Narcissa looked away from the woman she held in her arms. Her eyes glassed over at the implications of age.

"Will that be alright love?" Hermione timidly asked.

"Would you even want me in the future? What if I am a hag, unattractive, dare I say old?" Narcissa felt fingers tip her head up to meet her gaze. Hermione smiled, and a warmth filled Narcissa as her kiss brushed her lips.

"You are gorgeous at 47 lover," Hermione blushed, "There was a time when Harry, Ron, and I ran into you and Draco in Diagon Alley to buy new robes and you took my breath away. Your beauty is striking, but cold. I could not see you as a woman who could love heatedly, and passionately," Hermione kissed Narcissa deeply then pulled back, "I now know that's not true." Narcissa held Hermine to her and placed gentle kisses on her throat

"Do I have to go back, Hermione?" Narcissa pled with the woman. Hermione let a tear slip down her cheek at the pain she heard.

"Yes, Love, you have to return, but," Hermione grabbed Narcissa cheeks and with a fire in her eyes looked her in her blue orbs, "When the time comes, and it will, I will reach out for you, Please, do not deny me. Please Narcissa find a way to get us back to this moment." Narcissa nodded and kissed Hermione. Her kiss was heartfelt and a breeze picked up in the room. Narcissa and Hermione recognized the magic oath that had been made, but they kept their eyes closed as for one last time they the moved with the other. They look from the other, they gave to the other every single bit of love they could. When Hermione confessed her love, when she said those 3 little words, Iâ€¦ Loveâ€¦ You, she wept at what she was going to leave behind. When Hermione slipped into her whispering I love you over and over with each and every smooth, gentle stoke in and out of Narcissa she cried. Hermine never stopped saying those words, those words that confirmed that she would be lost to this woman forever.

When they got their clothes on, and Narcissa gathered her bag ready to go, Hermione held her hand as they walked down to the potions labs. They stood in the place where it all began and neither one could bring their eyes to the other. Narcissa felt pain tear at her heart, and Hermione felt a dark wave wash over her. Hermione pulled out a small hand mirror, and gave it to Narcissa.

"It is charmed to show you anyone you want from your memories. If you ever want to see me again, just call on the mirror, and I'll be right next to you. I know if it a small gift, a torturous one at that, but it is better than nothing," Hermione let her fingers caress Narcissa's as she took the mirror. Narcissa looked at it and whispered Hermione's name and she watched as the mirror replayed their time last night, then her smile in the Great Hall after the food fight, and the stillness of sleep as she laid on her back and simply breathed. Narcissa threw her fingers to her mouth to stifle the whimper as she felt the finality of this choice.

Hermione grabbed her roughly and planted her lips on Narcissa's and drank once more, devoured her mouth once more then placed the chain around them. Hermione spun the hour glass once, twice, thrice, while

saying the incantation and then the day before the accident.

There was a vague sense of the universe flying in the wrong direction as years zipped past them faster than it possibly ever could. When the images stopped they were standing in the potions lab. Hermione looked around and noticed the shelves, and the cauldrons, the messy stack of essays on the teacher desk. Narcissa looked around and her shoulders slumped. She was back.

Narcissa slipped out from under the chain and pulled Hermione to her. Then she stepped back. Hermione looked at her with watery eyes. Narcissa saw Hermione's hand reach out the go back down to her side making a fist.

"I love you," Hermione said as she reversed the spell quickly. Before Narcissa had a chance to respond Hermione winked out of existence, back to her future. Narcissa's knees gave out and her hit the floor. She clutched her stomach as she felt her body freeze and go empty. She didn't stay like that for long. She had a new purpose, a new destination. For the first time since Hogwarts, she felt like a Black again. She noted the position of the sun, and nodded. She made her decision to take back her life. On to Gringotts.

Narcissa arrived just as the doors opened. When she walked up to a teller she gave her wand and requested to see a person in charge of wills, and to have a Blood Inheritance test done. The goblin gave her a strange look but complied. No more than 5 minutes later a goblin with stingy black hair, rather young looking for a goblin bowed to her.

"I am Scrollblade and I will assisting you with your requests. Please follow me Mrs. Malfoy," Scrollblade led her to a room in the back. It was a small room, but the chairs were comfortable, and the fire felt nice. She seemed to feel cold ever since she stepped from Hermione's arms.

"Which would you like to take care of first, the Blood Inheritance check or the will?" Scrollblade asked as he folded his gnarled fingers over the others.

"I would like the inheritance check done first, then I would like to revise my will, please" Narcissa spoke softly, but clearly. Scrollblade walked over to Narcissa asked for her hand and punctured her palm. He took out what looked like litmus paper and fed it into a small Goblin-made device. It analyzed her blood and Scrollblade tilted his head.

"Interesting Mrs. Malfoy. According to this test you are not only the owner of the Black assets, but of quite a few other vaults as well. Much older Vaults," Scrollblade produced a list with a quill and parchment, "Your husband signed his companies over to you so you actually have majority control of the Malfoy vaults, and companies. Due to your family disowning your sister, and cousin, and your other sister being certifiably insane, and the disappearance of your other cousin you have inherited the Black vaults, but you are also owner of two other vaults. The Agrippa vaults, we were convinced he had no blood lineage left to claim these and the de Arc vaults in France." Narcissa let this seep in. How in the hell did her father not know they were related to Cornelius Agrippa? And what of Joan de Arc? Narcissa Kept her mask up but her mind raced. How much was she

worth?

"What are the assets of the two extra vaults, Scrollblade?" Narcissa asked but tried not to appear too interested. She didn't want to let it show she finally found her way out. Scrollblade looked at the vaults listed, and his face stretched into what could hopefully be called a smile.

"Mrs. Malfoy, with the two older vaults, you have quite a lot of liquid assets, and about 10% of the wizarding world money in just those two vaults alone. The vaults were invested splendidly, and since we thought they were lost we had the vaults on a medium risk, medium yield investment ratio. Then you add your control of the Black vaults, and Malfoy stocks and monies, you are a very wealthy and powerful witch."

Narcissa took a deep breath.

"I thought that the Black Fortune went to the Lucius as a dowry? Please explain this?" Narcissa was confused, how could she have so much control, so much money and not know it? Lucius that's how.

"It was actually the other way around. The Malfoy family paid the Blacks for your hand in marriage. They felt it would be more lucrative later. And safer."

"Explain, please," Narcissa eyed the goblin and he chuckled.

"The Malfoy's are a notoriously dark family, and some of their dealings with the public and their companies or not very, how does one say, legitimate. They have the necessary paperwork and can stand up in court but it is not the first time a Malfoy put the bulk of the finances into their wives names without them knowing to take a financial, as well as political fall for their husbands."

"So I am being used?"

"That is one way to put it Mrs. Malfoy," Scrollblade sat there waiting for his next question or his next point of business.

"I would like to draft a will please," Narcissa paused as Scrollblade picked up his quill and a fresh parchment, "I, Narcissa Malfoy, soon to revert back to my previous name of Black, of sound mind and sound body, wish to leave everything regarding the Malfoy accounts, and the Black accounts to any children I may bear in the event of my death. If in the event of a divorce Lucius will get nothing, and if I am to take a partner again in the future they will inherit the Agrippa, and de Arc Accounts. If that event does not come to pass, control of those two accounts will pass to my children."

Scrollblade smiled in that crazy goblin way, "As you take your Black name you will become the Black family Head. Do you wish to divorce your husband in the near future Madam?"

"I do not know the future," Narcissa lied, "But something is brewing, and I need allies on my side. Not a man who will manipulate me into thinking I was his toy." Scrollblade looked at Narcissa.

"You are a strong woman Lady Black. The Goblin Nation admires strength and character. I feel in the future you may need help, and

we absolutely abhor your husband. If you should need that help, you may have the assistance of the Goblin Nation," Scrollblade offered, throwing Narcissa off.

"I greatly appreciate and except your offer of assistance however I have to ask, what gives you the power to make this offer to me?" Narcissa asked carefully. The goblin sat back and relaxed as he folded his fingers together.

"I have the power granted by my father, Ragnok," Scrollblade answered. Narcissa stood and offered her hand in friendship to the goblin prince. She asked for an edited version of the will omitting the information about the older vaults and left. Scrollblade watched her leave. He had no idea what the future held but he knew she might one day change the face of it.

"Hello husband," Narcissa said as she waited in the tearoom for Lucius. She watched as he walked to the coat rack and placed his traveling robe, hat, and gloves on to the stand. Took a sip of her brandy and waited for her husband to address her. When he turned to look at her he looked at her skeptically. She let a cold smile slip across her lips as she noticed his distrust. \_Good let him be on guard\_, she thought.

"What seems to have made you rather happy, wife," he asked as he walked to her and slipped his hand to her neck and then without warning grabbed her from behind. He ran his lips over her cheek, and squeezed her tighter. She let a small squawk escape her throat. She thought of Hermione, and the night and morning together, and summoned strength. She had her wand in her hand as it sat in her lap and she flicked it wordlessly, and smiled as Lucius pulled his hand back, fingers twisted from the spell and she slowly stood walking , no stalking toward him.

"You bitch, how dare you? I'm your husband and you obey me!" Lucius howled as he lashed out at her, she sidestepped and flicked her wand again and she actually winced at the sound of his knee crunching, shattering beneath skin.

"You don't ever touch me again unless I want you too. Swear it!" Narcissa said and Lucius glared up at her and spat, she flicked her wand to her husband's ankle and closed her eyes as his foot twisted in an awkward position. Another scream.

"Swear it on your magic! Swear on your magic that you will not have me killed, you will refrain from brutalizing me, and you will not touch me unless I permit you too," Narcissa said in a soft voice as she knelt down next to him. He lashed out. Another flick had him on his side as his other fingers contorted.

"Say it Lucius, and this all goes away, the pain, the suffering. It will vanish," Narcissa looked down to the sniveling mess of a human being she called a husband. He nodded in pain.

"Say it allowed, swear it on your magic, Malfoy," Narcissa watched him coldly. When she looked into her eyes he saw a coldness in her he had never seen. Gone was the wife he took for granted, and beat, and raped, and made his. Gone was the woman who could be manipulated. He did it. He swore on his magic. She healed his injuries, and when she finished he reached for her, and slammed her against the wall, and

struck her with the back of her hand. She stood up and smiled at her stupid husband. She began to laugh maniacally.

"You temperamental, and foolish little man. You swore on your magic just 30 seconds ago. Did you not think it would actually work," Narcissa wiped the blood on the corner of her mouth away, "I have you by the balls now Lucius. What is the wizarding world going to do with they find out you are now a squib," Then Narcissa walked to him and picked up the parchment, and gave it to him, when he read it his eyes widened. She walked over to him with her wand in her hand and he backed up into the wall.

"Your soul purpose in this house is to give me a child Lucius, other than that I have no use for you," She looked him over and reveled in his fear of her then walked away from him toward the stairs, "You should have never have thought a Black would take your abuse. I got my revenge, and any child will be mine, and my vengeance will ultimate."

Narcissa walked to her bedroom and once there she warded the door. She slumped against it and slid to the floor. She let the day's stress take her and she broke. Losing the woman she loved, gaining her power, gaining her independence, and taking everything from Lucius made her physically and emotionally shatter. Curled in a ball and whispered her lovers name over and over.

\_Hermione, \_

\_Hermione, \_

\_Hermione. \_

## 7. 13 Years of Letters

Hey Everyone,

I was thinking of how I am to do this time between Narcissa getting back and Hermione's reappearance. We are all in agreement that this is a love story between two women but we have to understand the woman that Narcissa loves is still 25 years in the making. I am not going to go through the next 25 years play by play. I think it will take from the story. The easiest way for me to get through this is to put Narcissa's next 13 years in the form of letters to her beloved. I hope you will all stick with it. If I do it this was we are looking at about 9 letters addressed to nowhere but written for Hermione.

Thanks for your wonderful comments and support. I'm am sorry I begged off yesterday and you have to wait a little for a chapter but I pleaded with you all to not get used to being spoiled. Ok 13 years of history in 8 letters. Whooooo lets do this!

Thanks for keeping with this story.

snow

\* \* \*

><p>My Dearest Hermione,<br>I want you to know that I love you. I

love you to the end of earth and back sweetheart. I want you to know a few things my love. You are the only thing that I ever want and with every breath I take I know, from deep down in my heart that you are the only person who can complete me. I will be anything you want me to be. And I will make you a promise, I will be here. I will always be here patiently waiting for you. Always and forever, I will be waiting for you. I have absolute faith in us. I dont believe in many things, but I believe in you and me. I love you my love.

Yours,

Narcissa

\* \* \*

><p>Hello My love,<p>

I've just gotten back from work and have finished my shower, even as I Write this letter I am having something small to eat before I go to bed. Oh, I forgot to tell you, I have begun some charity organizations, and I am having a new maternity ward built at St. Mungos. I miss you, I miss you so much that it hurts, creating a hollow ache in my chest, a spot that only you fill. I don't know how but i just know. Somehow and someday, we'll find a way to be together no matter how long that it takes. I would wait for an eternity to hold you love even if it was only for a few minutes. I would willingly spend eternity waiting for that chance.

I wish I could have spent all night with you sleeping. That would have been wonderful. I love you dear heart, for eternity and beyond.

Yours, always yours,  
>Narcissa<p>

\* \* \*

><p>Hermione,<p>

It has finally happened and I don't know whether to be happy or repulsed. I never wanted to put in a letter for you but I feel I need to get it out. After about a year, I am pregnant. You have no idea what it was like for that man to touch me, to be inside of me after knowing how you have felt. The first time we copulated, he met me in the guest room, I would never sully my area with his presence, and we mated. When he spilled into me, I pushed him off and left him to look after my retreating form. Once I made it back to my chambers I vomited into the waste paper bin near the writing desk. I took no pleasure from making another life and as I write you now, I hate it. This thing growing inside of me, this leech. I constantly think of it and wonder will it me like me, or will it inherit that Malfoy sneer and supremacy. I know this is insanity but I wish that this would have been our child. I wish we could raise him together, and be good. At the moment I am tempted to get rid of the wickedness that grows within my body. I only hope in time I begin to feel differently about this child. I fear I would be cold to it, and grow into that woman you know of. I only beg of the fates that govern our future that you could have me, all of me. I hope you forgive me for taking Lucius into me, and for creating this creature. I still love you as much as



I did in the future.

With everything I am,

Narcissa

\* \* \*

><p>Dearest Love,<p>

Oh my Hermione, he is gorgeous. Up until the moment he came tearing into the world, and did her tear, he wanted out, and he an impatient boy. You are right. There is one person I could love more than anything in the world, and it is this child. You of course are my love, my soul, and my light, but Draco Cygnus Malfoy is my treasure. I was about to give the boy to the nursemaid until I looked into his grey eyes and I softened. He was mine, and I took him to my breast and fed my son. My son, Hermione, MY son. Excitement and fear slips off me in waves. My excitement in this moment seized when I saw Lucius standing off to the side, and Rodolphus Lestranger, my sister's husband, came to the room, whisper in his ear and he left after giving me a cold look.

I excused everyone but my best of friends, Severus Snape, and with his arguing, and a bundle in my arms I went to my cousin, Sirius Black. I told Sirius about moment I saw and I wished for protection for my son. Sirius, was a part of Death eaters, but I had a feeling his only allegiance was to the potters, who recently had a child as well. He told me he would do the best he could as he looked down with love at my son.

Once home I asked Severus if he would be my son's godfather, he accepted under duress. As I look down at the boy suckling my breast all I can hope is that he lives, and I'll move heaven and earth for that to happen. Just as I would heaven and earth for us to be together once again.

Yours in the past, Yours in the Present, Yours in the Future,

Narcissa

\* \* \*

><p>My Beloved,<p>

There was a war, and the Potters had died, all except for the boy Harry. IS this the Harry you spoke of being your best friend? He shocked the wizarding world by defeating the Dark Lord this night. I am happy this time of darkness is over. Draco is nearly a year old and I can only think that it could have been him rebounding a killing curse at Voldemort. He could have died. Especially since Lucius is playing a dangerous game. He is gathering supporters to his cause, the pureblood cause, as I write to fill the void of the fallen lord. He is stupid. He will be in a world of hurt when his followers, his comrades find he is a squib. He might as well be dead as a wizard with no magic, the magic I took from him with a vow sworn on his magic to never touch me. You see my love, to make this type of oath means you can't break it or you lose your magic. He is basically the very thing he hates. I will see to it he calms his pureblood

propaganda. I will not have anyone targeting Draco. I have glad to know you grew up from all of this blood, and hate. I am glad you grew up innocent. Draco by proxy of his father's crimes, is not considered an innocent. I hate that about this world. The sins of the father, so on and so forth. I have to cut this letter short my love. Severus came to my manor and her looks horrible.

Yours Always,

Narcissa

\* \* \*

><p>Hermione,<p>

I have a confession to make. I slept with Severus. I hate myself for it, as does he. We needed release from the past, from the people we cannot have. His love is dead, and mine is a 5 year old. Even as I write that down I laugh to myself. I know you are a logical woman, and you would understand. We had never even met, but I hate what I have done because I have had you. I have loved you and still do, absolutely, passionately and totally but in that moment there was a weakness in me. Please forgive me my love.

Always,

Narcissa

\* \* \*

><p>Dear Heart,<p>

You are not going to believe what Draco asked me this afternoon. He asked me what a mudblood was. He wanted to know if they were dirty, if they had mud for blood, and if they were muddy can they not take a bath. I had to smile at Draco. At 8 he has become quite the logical little boy. His heart is pure and true. I told him that they are witches and wizards that are born from muggle parents. His brow creased before asking me why that make a person dirty. I placed a hand on his shoulder before kneeling down before him and told him it doesn't. Mudbloods are just thought of as that way because they cannot trace their family origins all the way back to the founders with no muggle relatives. Draco frown again. His question hit a spark in my chest. Are they bad? He asked. I pulled him to my chest and wrapped in in the gentlest hug I would, as I thought of you. I told him that there was once a woman who saved my life, a beautiful, powerful woman who was kind and giving who saved my life, and she was a muggle born. He said mudblood with a sneer like his father. I grasped his arms. No Draco, a muggle born, and they are our future, my future. I must have been crying because Draco he wrapped his small arms around me and apologized for upsetting me.

Later, I had Lucius against a wall with a spell and told him that he will never try to brainwash my son against witches and wizards, be it they are purebloods or mudbloods. I left him scared as a fox during hunting season.

I sit her trying to close this letter but I don't want to. I want to keep you for just a moment longer as I look at your image in the mirror you gave me. I wonder if you will love me the same. No matter,

I promised to find you and I will. I love you dear one.

Yours,

Narcissa.

\* \* \*

><p>Hermione,<p>

It has happened. That fated day as I walk Draco to a platform you are all too familiar with and through the barrier. When that letter reached my hand I gulped, our time is nearing. Hogwarts has called, and my son is on his way. Now I stand in the throng of parents wishing their children goodbye. I resist to smooth his hair, and straighten his jacket. He insisted on no goodbyes, just a short nod, and a handshake. My son has grown into a young man and he has made me proud. I find the faces of those familiar and unfamiliar and I pause. There about mid chest tall was a girl with her nose in a book standing next to two adults that looked out of place and a little too awestruck. When the girl heard the whistle from the train, she cradled the book in her arms wished her parents good bye. The bushy mass of hair swished around and a young girl looked at me and cocked her head. She was adorable, Yes my love, you were adorable. There it is on paper my first thoughts of you were adorable. Then you went onto a train and then you were off to Hogwarts. Your first year would commence. I wished you good luck as well as wished my son to be safe. Finally after years of waiting I got to see you as a young girl and you were cute. I am home love wondering how the next few years are going to work out. I take a deep breath. Someday my love, Someday.

Faithfully Yours,

Narcissa.

## 8. Memories and Letters

Hello Everyone,

I was thinking about how I am going to write the chapters and have bother Hermione and Narcissa involved. I'm going to take this next chapter as a trial and I want everyone's opinion. There will be Hermione POV, Narcissa POV through Draco POV. It's complicated. Well let's see how this goes.

Thanks to everyone on your wonderful comments and support. Your words have helped keep vigilant in the posting of this story.

Thanks

Snow

\* \* \*

><p>Narcissa sipped her tea out in the garden and looked over her land. She smiled to herself at that thought. Lucius the fool, gave

her everything she loved. Her home, her freedom, and her son. Even though there were bad memories, the truly great memories shone through the horrible ones from their early marriage. She exploded into the future and Hermione gave her a new beginning. Draco came and chased away her demons. She could not wipe away the smile that curled over her lips as a large barn owl flew to her and dropped an envelope in her hand. She noticed the seal that Draco closed his letter in and was delighted to hear of his first week of school. She was surprised to find a small note and a collection of memories seal in a small vial. She stood and walked into the Manor and went to the Library.<p>

"Dobby," She asked the space around her as she sat down in a large plush chair, skimming Draco's letter. He saw the words, Muggleborn, Granger, and bookworm thrown down on the parchment and could not wait to see his memories. She looked up when she heard the pop. She grimaced when she saw Dobby's hands.

"Dobby, what happened to your hands?" She knelt down and examined the small little hands and summoned a healing salve from her stores. Dobby bowed his head before speaking.

"Dobby has been punished, Mistress," Dobby began as a tear dripped off his long nose.

"For what and by whom?" Narcissa gritted as she applied the ointment to his hands and fingers.

"I was punished for not getting Master his news from the Ministry before noon Mistress," Dobby let his hands stay stretched out in front of Narcissa as she took pity on the little elf.

"You are my elf now Dobby, and you will not serve the Master, I will have a talk with him and he shall not treat you and the other elves like this. You are not animals, nor are you slaves," she looked at Dobby and inclined his head to look at her and huge shinning eyes looked at Narcissa and she smiled just a little before asking, "Do you wish to be freed Dobby?"

"NO!" The little elf shouted, and banged his healing hands against his head, "Never would Dobby want another Mistress, you are kind and gentle, and you don't treat me like an elf but as a worker. No please do not have Dobby break ties with Mistress Narcissa!"

The elf now quite uncontrollable was settled by Narcissa's gentle hand on his shoulder. When she softly requested a pensive he smiled crookedly at her and popped out and then back with the seeing bowl. Narcissa thanked him and she poured the memories into the bowl as she remembered Draco's Letter.

\_Draco and the first years rode the boats across Black Lake and up to the castle. Draco felt curious and apprehensive about the castle but he looked on with the grace and poise of a Black. When he and the first years exited the boats Professor McGonagall met the first years and gave her regular speech about their houses being their families, but something pulled his attention away from the bespectacled woman. When she left he listened intently to the altercation.\_

"\_You are nothing more than a filthy mudblood," Goyle and Crabbe already began to bully the girl. A Boy with messy black hair and

another boy with blazing red hair stood up for the girl and the bullies backed away. Draco watched interested as the red head turned around back to the dark headed boy and spoke loudly.\_

"\_You see the muggleborns don't know much about magic and therefore can't take care of themselves. It's our duty to take care of them, even if it is a know it all bookworm like that," The red head looked around as if looking for confirmation about his statements. Draco cocked his head but remained interested in seeing what would happen next, when he saw the young girl turn red, and eyes fill in anger. She reached for her wand but it was then that Draco placed a steady hand on her arm. She spun around with fury on her face, and he shook his head. \_

"\_That's mental! A Malfoy helping a Mudblood!" The red head joked and half of the first year's laughed. Draco looked at the dark headed boy, gazed into green eyes, messy hair, and a scar on his forehead.\_

"\_I would expect that Harry Potter would respect a muggle born more than what he is seeing as his own mother was one," Draco rebuffed, "But then again, there is no account for stupidity or taste, which he seems not to have with the acquaintances of an uncouth Weasley," Draco looked Harry right in the eye, "Some ideals are better than most, it is best to align yourself with the right ones. I can help you there," Draco sneered at Weasley before turning back to Harry before offering his hand. \_

\_Draco didn't even fume when his offer of allegiances was denied but it was of no consequence to him. He turned to Hermione and nodded then turned from her and then stepped into the Great hall.\_

The sorting went wonderfully but Narcissa was surprised that Draco was a puzzle for the sorting hat. His cunning and intellect landed him in Slytherin, but there was a problem, his loyalty almost landed a Black-Malfoy heir into the Hufflepuff house. Narcissa was proud of her son being placed into her own house but was intrigued by the Hufflepuff question. Narcissa was also proud of her son for sticking up for Hermione, and protecting her. She hated knowing the girl was bullied. She sighed and placed her face into the bowl and she fell into another memory.

\_Draco was walking with a few of his Slytherin housemates out of charms class when that blasted red head Ron Weasley had yet another jab at the brunette girl. She was storming off away from Harry and Ron as the girl bumped into him.\_

"\_That girl, Merlin knows she will never make any friends with the way she goes on and on," Ron droned. Malfoy stopped. There was something about the girl that he liked. The red head ran into him, then he spun around. He looked at Harry who had the decency to look trapped but the red head looked like Draco wronged him.\_

"\_Watch it Malfoy!"\_

"\_I am watching and what I see are two morons who have no sight to see brilliance. Answer me this Weasley, if you are the worst student in class, which you are, wouldn't you want to befriend, and treat the Muggle born with respect? Maybe gain her trust so she can help your idiotic ass out of an academic hole? What I find most appalling is

that she is in your own house and you treat her worse than you would your worst enemy. Most stupid Weasley," Draco nodded his farewell and turned to see Hermione. Her face shone in friendship as she turned away.\_

\* \* \*

><p>Narcissa fumed and her fist clenched. Again she was proud of her son, and she adored the way Hermione looked at Draco. It was fabulous to see them getting along. She turned to the letter and read it again. She summoned a piece of Parchment and ink.<p>

Draco,

I am proud of your placement into Slytherin house but as I think of it Hufflepuff would have been an honorable choice as well. I am joking my son. Get the look off your face, or it will freeze that way. I see you are making great friends. I am not impressed with the Weasley and Potter boy but I see Potter is not a complete lost cause. Hogwarts can be a place to make allegiance's that will last for years to come, and friends that can last a life time.

I am proud of you, my darling for standing up for the Granger girl. She seems a little lost, and it is horrible seeing her own house mates treat her so badly. You are a light to anyone's darkness, and for her you just might be the torch she needs to become part of this world.

You were right Draco. Intelligence breeds excellence, and she seems more than smart to have captured your interest. I advise you to protect her. She might prove useful in the future, if not as a friend but as an ally.

Your father is up to his schemes so watch Crabbe and Goyle. Something seems to be brewing in their homes. I am doing wonderfully but missing you horribly. I miss our chess matches. I hope you are doing wonderful. I can't wait for your next owl.

Be wonderful, Be Safe, and Be Smart,

Your Loving Mother

\* \* \*

><p>Narcissa sealed off up her letter and called for the Malfoy family owl and sent off her reply to Draco's letter. As we watched the owl fade into the distance she hugged herself. She really did hope that Draco and Hermione would become friends. If, and it was a huge if, things worked out in their favor in the future it would help to have him as an ally. But that was so far down the road. What Narcissa wanted to do the most was run to the little girl and embrace her and tell her everything would be alright. She was special, and important. She wanted to hug her son and tell him how proud she was. Narcissa stood as she noticed the time and walked to her bedroom. She sat at the wardrobe and reached for her mirror. The mirror Hermione gave her and thought of the woman.<p>

That smile warmed her heart, those lips caused her to lick her own, and those eyes made her find her soul once more. With all the questionable things she had done over the years, she was certain of

two things. She had her soul, and she never lost her love. She kissed her mirror and wished she could go back to the future and taste those lips once more, and shed her clothing. She climbed into bed and curled up into her blankets hugging her pillow. She dreamed of her past in the future and wished not for the first time and not for the last time that the future could meet her sooner.

## 9. Bonding Over Trolls

Hey Everyone,

There are a few things I want to clear up.

I'm not Ron bashing per say. If you recall he has always been rather frustrated with Hermione, and his bullying and comments are which drove her into the girl's bathroom on Halloween. I am just capitalizing on Ron's ignorance to create a strong bond between Draco and Hermione.

This leads me to the golden trio. Do we really need to have Ron as the golden trio, or why not a golden quartet? To be very honest with everyone I do not understand Ron's roll in the trio. I don't hate his character I just find him a bit useless.

Why would Harry want to be with a person who is so insecure with themselves that they have to pick on an innocent girl? Which again leads up to Halloween and the troll, and the bathroom.

Why does Hermione have to fall for the one person that's nice to her? If that's the case she should have loved Harry instead of Ron, right?

As I have stated I don't think I am bashing Ron as much as I am making him a clear shit to Hermione and she is a strong young lady who will not take it. Eventually, except for small snippets of Hogwarts mayhem, Ron will be phased out of the story.

I wanted to thank everyone for your kind comments and wonderful reviews. Again they fuel the desire to write and get you a chapter. Whether it is small or large you all have been wonderful. On to the story and thanks. This chapter will feel slightly weird from the last.

Thanks

Snow

\* \* \*

><p>Narcissa couldn't wait. Draco would be coming home for the Samhain rites after the Halloween feast being held that evening. Following her separation from Lucius, Narcissa had returned both her and her son to observing the more traditional ways for wizards. The Hogwarts charter allowed for these observances, particularly since Samhain was the only one that clashed with the school term.<p>

Narcissa couldn't contain her excitement, she wanted to hear about everything in Draco's first month of school. His letters came

frequently and she always advised him to be the most Slytherin he could be without being a complete prat. Narcissa sighed as Draco's words continuously went back to Hermione, and, not for the first time, felt that her son may be a little too much like herself. She was afraid he would be developing feeling for the girl and there was no legitimate reason to stop that. She promised to find Hermione. But Hermione never mentioned the possibility of loving another. Narcissa was afraid that her actions, however small, might have altered the future. Maybe in this future, Hermione would never love her. Instead love her son. She would let it happen. She would ensure their happiness, she would make their lives as wonderful as possible. For Hermione if that meant she was not in it as a lover, she would be more than happy to be there as a friend.

Narcissa thoughts were broken by a crack crack crack in her fireplace. Green flames burst forth and a face could be seen.

"Ms. Black, it is Headmaster Dumbledore. You are requested to come as quickly as possible to the infirmary at Hogwarts," the green embers urgently demanded.

"What has happened? Draco!?" Narcissa reached for her wand and a cloak.

"Please come through the floo network, I have connected you to the infirmary," Dumbledore's coal rendered face disappeared and Narcissa grabbed a handful of floo powered and shouted her destination. She felt the distinct sucking sensation as if she was fitted through tiny pipes and blew forth from the fireplace and looked around. She spotted brilliant white hair, and walked toward the bed. Her son lay on the bed, and she grimaced, it was the same bed she laid on in the past and pulled up a stool and held his hand. Madam Pomfrey was tending to another boy, conscious but howling in pain. She ran a diagnostic over her son. The nurse glanced at her and smiled, shook her head. His reading were 2 broken ribs, on sprained wrist, and a concussion.

She heard the door bang open but looked at her sons diagnostic then waved it away with her wand. She stood still as a bushy headed girl and a dark headed boy ran in her direction. Hermione skid to a halt as she looked up and saw Narcissa. Narcissa watched the girl as she walked slowly toward her and shuffle her feet.

>"I am sorry Mrs. Malfoy," the girl shyly spoke to her, "He tried to save me."<p>

"Black," Narcissa lightly spoke as she watched the girl round the bed and grasp Draco's hand. Her head tilted in question, "Narcissa Black, not Malfoy, and what was my son saving you from?" Narcissa felt her words stab into the girl and watched her flinch. The boy at the end of the bed shifted from one foot to the other apparently uncomfortable. Narcissa took a deep breath and closed her eyes and gestured to her gently.

"I was angry, and hurt. I needed to be alone, and went to the girl's restroom to wash my face and calm down. Soon I heard screaming and then something burst through the doors. I hid in one of the stalls. Immediately after that I heard Draco and Harry run into the bathroom and begin to battle. I opened the door and saw a mountain troll," Hermione clutched Draco's hands tighter as Narcissa's glance went between her and the boy who must be Harry.



"Draco tried to distract it but only got smashed with the club. Then Harry climbed up the troll's back where he sat on his shoulder then Harry shoved his wand up his nose while Draco took control of his club and wacked him with it. The troll dropped to the floor as Draco slipped into unconsciousness" Hermione looked at her and tears began to flood her eyes and fell to her robes, "I'm so sorry Draco," then she looked up to Narcissa and straightened her shoulders, "I know I am a â€"a â€"a mudblood, and he is a pureblood, but I think of him as my most trusted and treasured friend despite our states of origin. Please accept my apology for placing your son in danger."

Narcissa reached across the bed and wiped away Hermione's tears and then brown met blue. She almost smiled when Hermione found her clear blue eyes and gasped. She looked at the girl fondly and then to the boy that still stood silently at the foot of the bed.

"That is Lucius's propaganda not mine. Muggle born or pureblood it does not matter to me. Thank You for befriending my son, both of you," Narcissa dropped her hand from Hermione's chin and stood to talk to Madam Pomfrey.

"Ms. Black, my name is Harry Potter and I wanted to say he was brave and we wouldn't have been able to save Hermione with his help," Harry said nervously. She nodded to the boy and then walked to the nurse.

\_What in the hell just happened? Why did she look at me like that? What does it mean? \_Hermione's thoughts flew around her as she watched the woman walk across the room to the nurse who has finished with the other boy. She was beautiful. In that classic aristocratic sort of way. She had high cheek bones, a medium nose that sloped to where it fit her face perfectly, her eyes were the color of ice in the Antarctic. That kind of blue just screamed majesty. Hermione felt immediately draw to the woman and then looked down to the boy.

Draco slept but she felt his hand grasp hers once in sleep then she realized his family was not the family of horror stories. The Malfoy's were not the ghouls of the wizarding world. They were a family, dysfunctional, loving, and loyal.

Narcissa Black came back to Draco's bed side and sat next to Hermione and touched his arm just to make sure he was warm, and he was alive. She felt Hermione watch her and just continued to look at her son. She wasn't ready for this closeness and she dare not look too intently at the girl trying to see the woman she would become. Narcissa took a deep anchoring breath and touched Hermione on the shoulder. She knew the girl was worried, and in shock but she wasn't expecting the girl to fling herself into Narcissa's arms. She looked up in shock and saw Poppy stifle a chuckle behind her hand and motioned her to comfort the child.

"She needs a hug Narcissa. She won't break dear," Poppy whispered. Narcissa closed her arms around Hermione's shoulder and rubbed circles into the girl's back just as she had done for Draco when he was in pain or hurt, or his father told him he wasn't good enough to bear the name Malfoy. She shushed the girl and she found she fell asleep with her tears still flowing down her cheeks. Narcissa motioned for a little help in the extraction of the girl and she and the nurse put the girl on a bed near Draco. They looked at the two

children and worry finally hit Narcissa.

What in the hell was a mountain troll doing in the castle?!

\* \* \*

><p>In the morning Draco woke with a massive headache. Narcissa stepped to the medicine cabinet and administered a calming draught and pain potion. She looked down at the two vials and shook her head. She needed to talk with Madame Pomfery and see if she would like the potion she brewed those many years ago. She brewed it to this day, but not for the reasons she used to. She didn't have beating to escape from, but when you have a boy busting about the manor falling, bumping, or scrapping into something, she found it the best use for her expertise.<p>

She administered the medications, then Draco fell back asleep. Then went to check on the red headed boy and noticed it was the youngest Weasley boy. She ran a diagnostic and found his broken wrist from last night has mended together but there was swelling. He should be waking up soon. She went back to the cabinet and found an anti-inflammatory salve and potion. She went back to the boy and sat down. She pulled off her robe and draped it over the coat hanger in the corner of the room with a flick of her wand and then rolled up her sleeves. She took a small dollop and rubbed her hands together. She took the boys wrist and rubbed the salve into his joint and hummed a tune. It was slow, and sad, but beautiful.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" screeched the red head as he snatched his hand from Narcissa's healing hands. She sat stunned but stood and summoned a rag to wipe her hands free of the salve. She went to Hermione and looked her over and placed a hand to her forehead. She didn't care about the Weasley brat. But since Poppy was resting and this was more than up her alley she checked on the students. She slept in the chair between Draco and Hermione anyways waiting for one or the other or both to wake.

"Keep it down will you Weasley?" Draco croaked as he held a hand to his head. Narcissa winced as she knew his head would feel like it was splitting for at least another hour or so. Narcissa ran a diagnostic on Hermione and just as she thought shock effected the girl. She looked at the girl's forehead and saw a small scrape. She summoned a bowl of water, a clean rag, and some murtlap then dipped it into the bowl. As she was about clean the wound with the water and murtlap mix her hands where slapped away. She looked up coldly at the child before her. Her icy blue eyes blazed into Ron's deeper blue. The boy seemed to shrink from her scowl as she took the rag again and placed it once more over Hermione's head and once again her hands where slapped away.

"Mr. Weasley if you do not move, and allow me to treat this patient I will have you forcible removed from this infirmary," She gritted through straight teeth barely louder than a whisper but the meaning held more than enough threat behind it to have been a yell.

"You won't touch her you Slytherin snake," Ron yelled, and Draco winced.

"What does it matter that it is I who will help her? Draco is a Slytherin and he had defended this young lady. I am a Slytherin and I

am treating this young lady. You are a Gryffindor, and share her house, her dining table, her classes and yet you treat her with such disdain. Why? She has done nothing but been born to muggle parents and highly intelligent. What is your reason for loyalty now young Weasley?" Narcissa questioned him, and she eyed the boy down she saw his mind tick. She had to agree with Draco he wasn't the smartest boy in school, but his protectiveness, and valor over his housemate made Narcissa pause and take his measure. He is stupid yes. However, his loyalty was endearing.

"I almost killed her by saying something horrible all because I was threatened by her power and her smarts. She can do anything. Do you know what it's like to be a pureblood wizard, brought up to protect those who need help the most, only to be shown up by the people you are supposed to protect? I felt useless. She doesn't help with her know it all attitude but she never deserved to be treated the way that I have done. I only know now I have been a bastard because she was almost killed," Ron looked away and sat down next to her bed. Narcissa took the rag and held it out for Ron. She felt the boy needed to know that the world is about decisions.

"Her friendship might be what saves your life one day Mr. Weasley. Cherish it," Narcissa whispered as she walked to the cabinet and turned looking at the children watching. She summoned the empty headache medicine vial, and Ron's anti swelling potion and replaced them. She turned when she saw movement. The thin nurse stood there with her arms over her chest and watched the children with Narcissa.

"I wish you would have picked me and healing instead of Horace and Potions. You still have a wonderful gift for healing Ms. Black," Poppy watched as the witch waved her hand back and forth, "Narcissa then. I will tell the headmaster about your skill here in my clinic and see if I can't set up for retirement in the next few years." The nurse joked.

"Oh Poppy, you humor me. You do realize that I am here only because my son was attacked by a mountain troll, almost killed, and I have only the headmaster to blame? These children are his responsibility. If he allowed a troll through to penetrate the castle what other big awfuls out there are able to sneak into these walls and do what to our children? No, he is lucky I'm not pulling Draco now to enroll in Durmstrang," Narcissa whispered to her old would be mentor.

"Why don't you take him then?" Poppy said tightly. She was a firm supporter in the light and the light side but had never felt that Albus Dumbledore could do no wrong. He was a powerful wizard but still human, and just as likely to make mistakes as the rest of them. The only difference was the scale of the consequences.

"You see that girl? She is the only reason why Draco will stay. I don't think I could pull them apart at this moment if I tried," Narcissa smiled to her son and his friend. Then Ron Weasley came to her with the bowl and rag and handed it too her with a nod of his head.

"Thank you for allowing me to help my housemate. I will try to be a better person to Hermione. Draco is lucky to have her friendship."

Narcissa placed a hand on Ron's shoulder, "Give it time Mr. Weasley. She might be your friend too."

With a nod to Poppy and a smile upon her lips she banished the materials in her hand. This was not the way Narcissa wanted to spend a traditional Samhain midnight rite with her son but it would have to do. She definitely prayed last night for her sons protections. Aside from the headache he would survive another day.

She grabbed her cloak, bid Madam Pomfrey farewell and used the floo to return home. Once there she stripped of her clothes, and dropped into her bed. Too many factors, too many people, and too many conflicting emotions served to be Narcissa downfall that morning as she collapsed into her sheets and pillows. She didn't notice an envelope dropped onto her desk waiting for her.

## 10. A Day In the Life of Narcissa Black

Hello everyone,

A quick reminder this is Narcissa's story. Now here is the envelope left on her desk, and a day in the life of Narcissa Black. I hope you enjoy.

Thanks for All your support, and your wonderful comments.

Snow

\* \* \*

><p>She woke to a crick in her back and a dull pain along her shoulders. She hated sleeping in chairs, but it was necessary to make sure her son and his friend were alright. She rolled her neck and shoulder and sat in her bed feeling the warmth of the sun on her nude body. She stood and let that golden light warm her. She looked at the floor length mirror and ran her hands over her stomach. Her stomach was flat but there were the small barely invisible stretch marks of carrying a child. She hands ran up her breasts where she pushed them up and let them plop back down and she turned to the side. Her breasts were full but not large. She looked at her face and poked around her eyes, and upped down her lower eyes lid. There were no wrinkles except for those of laughter as she and she son had shared many. She was pushing 35 years old and she was happy she didn't look older. Call it the Black vanity but she was happy she still looked young for her years. She sighed and looked to her desk and sat down. She took the envelope in her hands and only her name was scrolled in slanted and precise letters across the top. There was not tale tell evident of an owl journey so she left it alone. And put it on her desk. She called for Dobby.<p>

"Dobby, where did this envelope come from?" Narcissa asked as she moved to her wardrobe and pulled out a comfortable shirt, and a pair of jeans. She dressed like this at home, and she heard that her causal fashion is bordering on blood traitor. But ever since Hermione dressed her in a pair of Jeans she loved the feel of her legs in pants so she conjured jeans and practically lived in them if she didn't have anywhere she had to be or she worked in her garden.

"It came from Hogwarts Mistress," Dobby watched as she rooted around

for a pair of socks that matched her top and he snapped as a pair of navy blue socks hovered in front of her face. She smiled and took then and the little elf blushed, "It came of Mister Severy."

"Severus? Why? And why didn't he send an owl?"

"Dobby doesn't know Mistress but Young Master Draco called Dobby to run this errand for Mister Severy. Dobby left the envelope on your writing desk here instead of in the master office. It seemed important," Dobby said as he was starting to shrink in size hoping that he did his job well and he did what was right to serve his mistress.

"Good idea Dobby, as a matter of fact I want all of my mail to come here from now on," Narcissa picked up the letter, and then looked at Dobby, she tore open the letter and then frowned. There was a picture of her son in little points and lines. In their Hogwarts days she had grown rather fond of the half-blood wizard. He was constantly picked on and she hated that. Her own housemates had a hard time accepting Severus because of his blood status but she could not let him be completely alone in his time in Hogwarts. He was as ruthless and as cunning as any Slytherin and could out magic the whole lot. They bonded of their love for potions. In away though they knew their friendship could only be for them, good acquaintances but best of friends would be just for them. You could not have a weakness in the house of Slytherin especially when everyone knew Severus's weakness. He would draw her pictures of the castle and she would use a simple reconfiguration spell and it became a secret letter. Many thought Severus had two loves a Hogwarts, but it was only Lily.

Narcissa cast the reconfiguration spell over the drawing of her son. She watched as the dots, and hashes flew around the paper into a note from what Narcissa would call a frantic Severus Snape.

\_Narcissa, \_

\_My Dark Mark has been inflamed, and growing darker, as if the ink is beginning to renew. This means only one thing. The Dark Lord is alive, and is near me. You have my complete trust and you must burn this letter as soon as you read this. I believe there is something wrong with Professor Quirrell. I have actually met Quirrell once before but the man does not recognize me. I believe there is a tie between him and the connection to my dark mark. I cannot put my finger on it. I cannot leave Hogwarts. I request that you use any channel necessary to find out what has happened to Quirrell. Where was he, where has he been, when did his demeanor change. \_

\_Caution Narcissa, do not get caught. My friend, you are important to me protect yourself, and I will protect your son.\_

\_Ever Faithful, \_

\_Severus\_.

Narcissa levitated the letter, never touching it, into the fireplace and cast incendio. She watched the flames engulf the letter and then sighed. She was wrong last night, a troll is not the worst Dumbledore would let in to the castle if the Dark Lord was still on the loose.

\* \* \*

><p>She walked down to the kitchens for breakfast and ran into Lucius enjoying a cup of tea. He looked up surprised. Ever since she literally broke him those years ago his demeanor has been rather mild in regards to her. He has grown out of his hatred of her, and she had grown out of her revulsions.<p>

"You are up rather late, Narcissa are you not feeling well," Lucius said as she took a sip of his tea and folded his paper over to read the lower half.

"Oh how nice of you to inquire. Hoping for my immediate death?" Narcissa jabbed with a smile. They had always hated each other and hope for the others death at the beginning had been a true and very real wish but as the years ran by it was more a greeting between old acquaintances, and taken in jest but always knew the other would not shed a tear at the funeral.

"Not this morning. You really do look like hell. Is everything fine?" Lucius remarked as he pulled his eyes from the paper.

"Our son was attacked by a mountain troll last night in the middle of Hogwarts," Lucius growled and threw his paper down. No matter what he says about his love for his son it is there. Even Lucius would protect his blood, his legacy but she stayed him with a hand, "I went there and found him in the infirmary. I looked after him and made sure he was well enough before I came home. Poppy Pomfrey is a talented Mediwitch and will take care of Draco."

"How in the hell did a troll make its way into the castle. Damn Dumbledore! Do you want to pull the boy from Hogwarts and enroll him abroad, perhaps Durmstrang?" Lucius let his anger seethe, and then simmer. Narcissa shook her head as she refilled her tea.

"He won't go if we asked him," Narcissa sighed into the small jolt the tea offered.

"And bloody why the hell not!?" bellowed Lucius.

"He has made a friend, and this friend, dear husband is why he was attacked," Narcissa watched as he started to calm, "She is a muggle born witch and she is very loyal to our son." Narcissa smiled as Lucius went the shades of red anger, to green revulsion, then pale realizations. His son would not think the way he would. He would not promote blood supremacy as he would, he didn't even believe in blood status. He looked at Narcissa and saw her triumph. She really did get her revenge, their son was hers.

"I suppose I better begin accepting our son for his choices, but that doesn't mean I like it Narcissa," Malfoy gritted and then sighed, "Should I be contacting her parents for an arranged marriage?"

Narcissa spat up her tea as she choked mid sip. It was surreal to hear that coming from Lucius in regards to Draco marrying what Lucius would call a mudblood. She smoothed her hair and cleaned up her area.

"You, Lucius Malfoy, leader of the blood purity faction, would let his only son marry a muggle born witch?" Narcissa looked at Lucius as he looked at her, "What is wrong with you?"

"Nothing, dear wife, I cannot fight the tides of whatever destiny our son has and if it is to marry a muggle born then so be it. I don't approve, I hate it, and I will never like this girl, but he is too much like you to fight him," Lucius stood and placed his cup in the sink and sat back down. Narcissa thought long and hard about his words.

"No I do not think that is necessary yet. We do not know the future Lucius, and they are only first years. Give it time and see where it goes. However I don't think the girl will accept Draco's offer if given."

"Why not? Is our son not good enough for her?"

"No, Lucius. Simply put I believe she adores his friendship, and companionship. Love for this girl will be hard in a world where she is constantly called mudblood, looked down upon by her own housemates because of her blood status. She could possibly pushed back into her muggle world because of our prejudices. I know Draco adores this girl but he knows his place will be in the magical world. Knowing that right now, I don't foresee a match for marriage. So I propose we wait to see what happens." Narcissa watched as Lucius sighed in relief, but she was secretly proud of him for accepting what he had. He was beginning to become the boy she liked when they were younger, a snob yes, but also caring.

"I have missed you Narcissa," Lucius whispered as he reached for her hand, but she moved them to her lap and looked down.

"I do not love you Lucius. We will never be. As I have said so many years ago, your sole purpose is to give me a child and you did that. If you want anything to do with me you may be my friend. But no more, and no further," Narcissa said as she looked into Lucius's blue eyes.

"I understand and that is something I will gladly accept," Lucius said as he left the kitchen. Narcissa smiled as she never hoped to see Lucius Malfoy wanting to be her friend. But he was a conniving ass of a human being, and a wizard with no magic. What did he want? She would let Lucius play his game until she found out his motives for the time being. Now on to her task. And on to the ministry.

\* \* \*

><p>She walked out of the lift and straight in to Magical Law Enforcement Offices. She went to the head of the department secretary. She threw her shoulders back, and let that icy mask slide into place.<p>

"I wish to speak with Madam Bones," Narcissa spoke softly but made sure the edge was planted firmly in her voice.

"Who may I ask is â€| Oh I'm sorry Ms. Black," she pressed a button attached to the speaker, "Madam Bones, Narcissa Black is wishing to speak with you."

"Tell her I wish not to speak with her," the voice commanded through the box. The secretary looked up and saw her. She swallowed and tried to get her boss to take the appointment. Narcissa walked to the door and opened it. There behind a desk with papers piled high was a woman about the same age as her with strawberry blonde hair and half-moon reading glasses perched on the tip of her nose.

"How dare you come into my office unannounced? Leave this instant," bellowed Madam Bones as she stood from the desk. The secretary put a shaky hand on her shoulder and Narcissa looked at the hand, but stood firm.

"I suggest you order your subordinate to remove their paw from my shoulder or I will remove it for them. All damages will be your fault because all this could have been avoided if you simply took the meeting," Narcissa stared down the woman before her. Both would not relent. Then Narcissa waves her wand and crack, and a howl in pain. Madam Bones stepped forward then Narcissa healed the break instantly.

"I wished for her hand off my person, and you would not order that, so her pain is your fault, remember that," Narcissa said as she put her wand in her robes easily accessible.

"Are you alright Margaret?" asked the department head and once the secretary nodded the secretary left the two women alone. Narcissa cast a muffliato charm on the door.

"Merlin Narcissa did you have to break her fingers?" Amelia Bones threw her hands in the air.

"I am a Dark Witch Madame Bones and I requested for you to order her to remove her hand. I would not have had to do that if you told her to remove it. That was essentially your fault, Milly," Narcissa said with a smirk. They stared each other down before they broke into twin smiles and embraced old friends.

"Come have tea with me," Amelia said as she took Narcissa's hand and walked them to an alcove near a window.

"You look fabulous Narcissa. A new lover?" Jabbed the ministry official. Narcissa smiled around the lip of her tea cup and shook her head.

"Believe it or not motherhood has made me happy. How about you? Anyone to take to your bed?" Narcissa jabbed back.

"You know you are the only one I want there but there is a mystery you would never tell me. I can't bed anyone who would keep things from me," Amelia said with a wistful smile on her face.

"And I cannot bed a ministry official because I do not want the suspicion of bedding them because of information gathering," Narcissa smiled sadly. She had always had strong feeling for Amelia. They shared a kiss one night while studying for their astronomy test but it never went further than that. Narcissa often forgot about those moments until she was actually in the presence of Amelia and then she wondered many times if Amelia would have been best for her. But if it wasn't for her dreadful marriage to Lucius she would never have found Hermione.



"I always felt you were too honorable to be a snake, but alas that was your house. Speaking of information, I have your information regarding your husband," Amelia summoned a thick folder and Narcissa placed her tea down and took the folder. She looked at the file. There were dates, and times, and locations of his involvement with any dark witch or wizard. Her eyes narrowed as she saw several meetings with alleged death eaters. She snapped it shut and took a sip of her tea.

"You do realize that if he is involved with anything we have enough on him to arrest him. All his meetings have proved just that, just meetings, but if something happens and any of these witches or wizards are implicated in a large scale crime, Lucius will be brought in. We are waiting for something to happen. I am sorry," Amelia reached across the table and took Narcissa's hand and squeezed it offering support.

"I am not. I have been waiting for him to trip up, he is becoming careless. The only thing I ask Milly, is that you do not drag me or Draco through that mud. Whatever it is we have nothing to do with it," Narcissa requested of her friend.

"Oh we know that and we will make sure you and your son is protected. Believe it or not you have helped out the ministry by requesting surveillance on your husband. I'm just sorry he has been such a shit to you and your son. We all know you and Draco believe in equality. I have been getting letters from Susan and in a few of them there were descriptions of your son helping a Hermione Granger, a Muggleborn witch, fight off some bullies. She says the whole school is in shock by the way the Malfoy heir has befriended a non-pureblood."

"Yes, I am proud of my Draco. He will grow into a fine man one day," Narcissa said as she thought back to the two of them in hospital bed this morning. "I need to ask you for another favor Milly," Narcissa said as she sat her cup down.

"Oh that will cost you Narcissa," Amelia Bones said as she smiled and put her cup down as well. Narcissa cocked her head to the side and waited. Amelia Bones smiled and shook her head.

"Being married to Lucius has made you paranoid. I just want to know your secret, which you have had for all these years," Amelia watched Narcissa. Narcissa knew this would be as good a time as any to tell someone of the truth, the past she fell in love with, and the future that she might have changed. Narcissa shook her head. She watched as Amelia took a deep breath and smiled. She took Narcissa's hand again. "Maybe someday?" Amelia asked and Narcissa smiled and nodded.

"Yes, someday I will tell you everything, but I can't for quite a while. Is that satisfactory for the terms of our transaction?" Narcissa asked smiling when Amelia smiled and nodded back she asked, "Can you please find all of the information you can on a Quirinus Quirrell."

"The Defense Against Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts? Why?"

"There is something odd I have to put together. It could be nothing but I want to make sure of something. It appears his behavior has been erratic and highly different than what it has been in the past.

I hope it has nothing to do with that troll making it into Hogwarts last night," Narcissa said as she poured them both another cup of tea.

"Did you just tell me that Albus Dumbledore let a troll walk into his castle?"

"Oh yes, and put Draco in the infirmary," Narcissa nodded over her cup. She watched as her friend's eyes darkened in anger.

"I will look into this and I will also look into Dumbledore's lack of security. It could have been my Susan in that clinic bed. I will get right on it. You stay low. If you keep bringing me high profile cases we can solve it makes my position in the ministry stronger. Now give me my hug and get going. I have work to do," Amelia hugged Narcissa and both smiled at each other, then both woman put on their faces. Amelia banished the tea party, and then stood behind her desk. Narcissa opened her door.

"If you refuse to help then I will have to go elsewhere. Good day Madam Bones," Narcissa said coldly.

"And keep your wand in your robes and away from my staff. If you do anything like that again ill have you thrown into Azkaban," Amelia yelled after Narcissa. Narcissa kept her cold mask in place, and her shoulders back. She kept thinking of the body of her son if that troll had killed him and made it very easy. Once she was down in the main atrium she took the floo home. She went upstairs, and went to her desk. She wrote her note to Severus and called Dobby.

"Please take this to Severus Snape and give it to him without detection. Thank you very much Dobby," Narcissa asked of the elf and watched his smile. She was happy to see him cleaner, and happier, and healed. As she sat here at her desk she looked at her wall. And squinted her eyes. She stood before it and took her wand in her hand and closed her eyes. She mumbled an incantation, and when she opened her eyes, she saw a large cabinet. There she kept her vials of the Draught of Peace and murtlap potions, her will, the finances for all accounts, and her letters to Hermione. Now she opened the file on Lucius, copied it then put the originals into the secret cabinet. Once finished ended he spell and her things were concealed. She went to the final that she copied and put a charm on it that read like financial reports from her charities, and bank accounts. Only she was able to read the true contents.

\_Now Lucius, what have you been doing?\_

End  
file.